June 21, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

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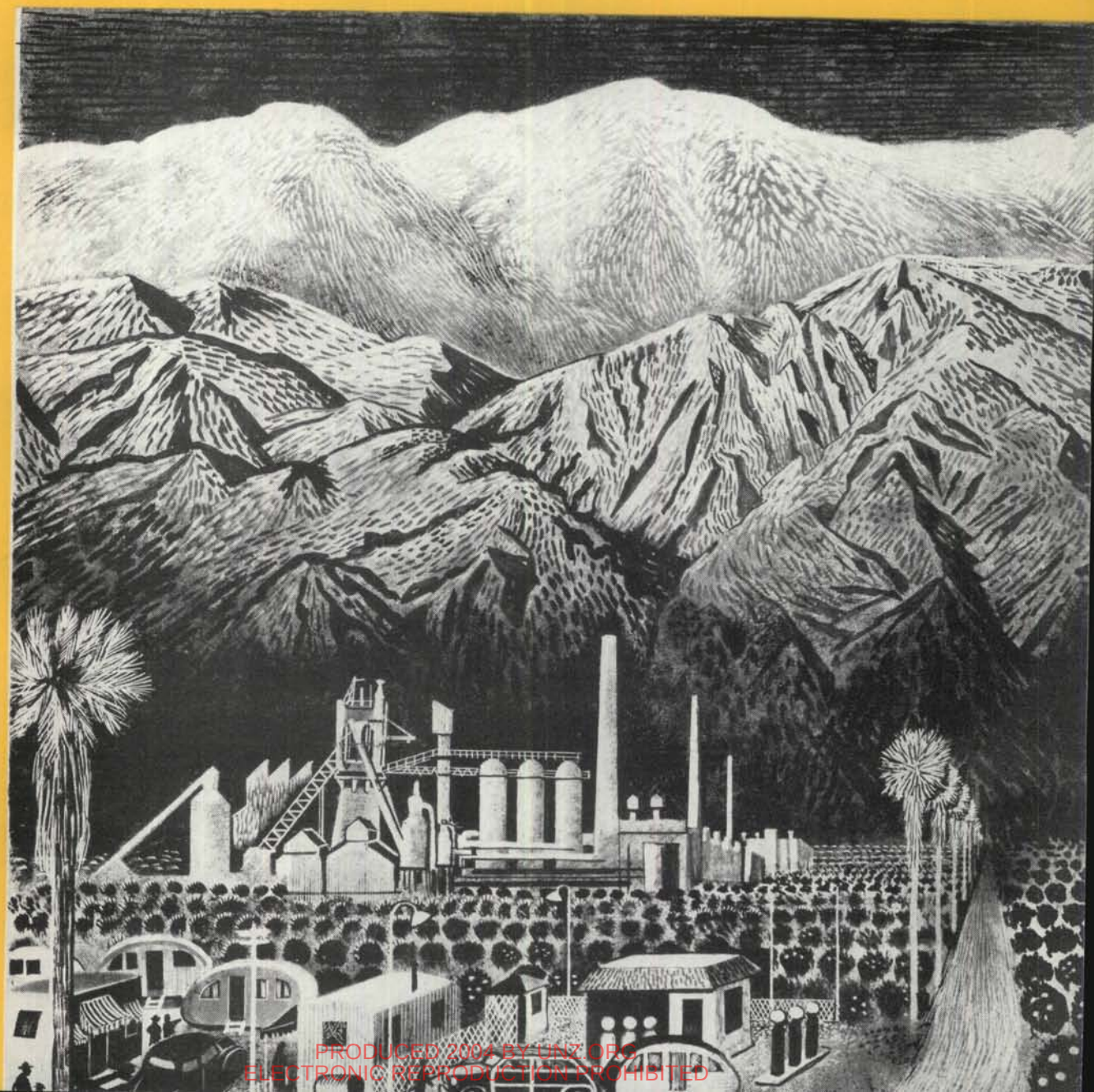

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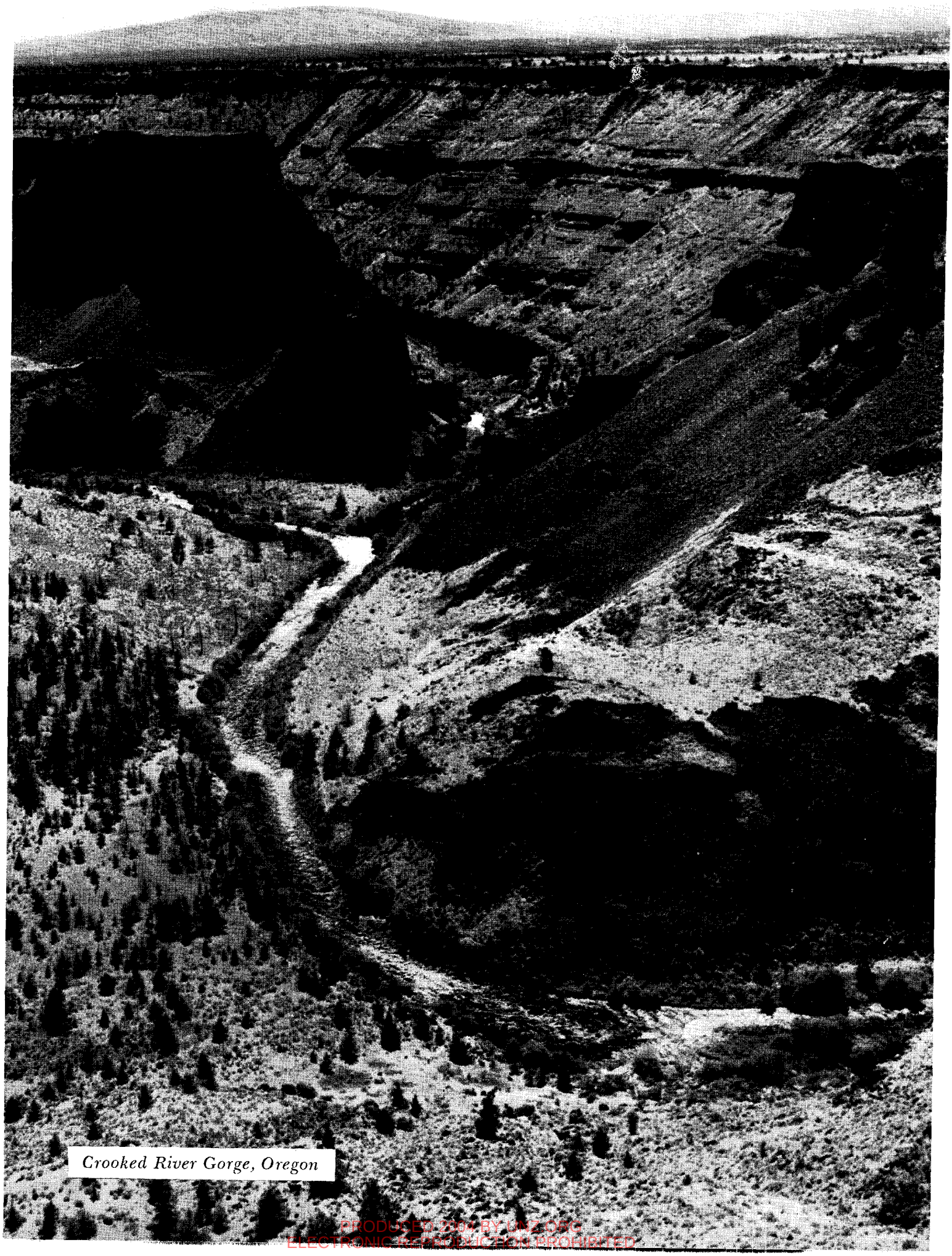

Crooked River Gorge, Oregon

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The West Coast reflects the nation's troubles, the nation's strength. It is like a dial that tells you what is going on in the machinery: that the engine is turning smoothly—or that the bearings are heating up. The dial oscillates now as if it had gone crazy; it is hard to read. It points to mass unemployment, strikes, a great port from which few ships are sailing. But it points to immense resources, ingenuity, courage, and thoughtful purpose. Our stand is that the dials are subject to man's will to make of the future what he wants.

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Editorial

Political Recession

The depression has not come to America—not yet, and there is no reason why our fear of depression should conjure it up. However, as we pointed out in our last issue and point out again in this one, depression has come to quite a number of Americans. The economists have their reasons for being sanguine: they measure things by statistical averages and trends, accompanied by constant comparisons with previous averages and trends. A hurricane, they tell us, is not in sight, but they add we are in for a season of heavy, scattered rains. The fact that there seems to be no prospect that the nation will be swept by a hurricane is a rather meager consolation for those who get caught in one of the local downpours and feel miserable in their bones.

Of course there is no reason to doubt the potential richness and the vitality of the Far West. Because America is growth and creativeness, the fastest-growing and most exuberantly creative section of the country is the most American of them all.

Yet, for this very reason, the figures of unemployment, of bankruptcies, the mounting signs of slackening activity, the present or the impending plight of migrant workers, the disappearance of lumber, the decline of some seaports—all these make grim reading. Isn't it possible that the wholesale optimism about the nation as a whole may some day be challenged by the piled-up evidence of individual and local distress? Wholesale optimism and retail depreciation do not make for very sensible accounting.

Strangely enough, what is happening in the nation's economy is happening also in its politics—in that most crucial part of our political system which has to do with our freedoms and our rights. The freedom of the nation is not suffering a recession; yet the liberties and the rights of quite a few citizens are severely strained. At the moment of this writing there is open season on Lilienthal in Washington. And the earth is still fresh on the grave of James Forrestal.

At times something happens that gives the nation a jolt and makes the people realize that the necessary scrutiny of public servants and the vigilance which is the price of our freedom may degenerate into head-hunting. There is the corpse of a man who did well for his country; the burden of office and the malignity of gossips so weighed on his heart and on his mind that finally life went right out of him. This was the case with James Forrestal.

It was the case with Harry Dexter White, who died of a heart attack a few days after the House Un-American Activities Committee refused to give him a short recess every hour of ques-

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tioning. These, one must add, are the cases that make headlines. But now there are many men and women—in and out of the government—whose very lives are in danger because an old enemy or a crackpot or a disgruntled friend might take it on himself to whisper in the ear of an official or self-appointed investigator that they are poor security risks.

But again, we say, there is neither an economic depression in this country nor is there a serious recession of freedom. When we say there is no depression we use as a standard of comparison the last one, which we consider as the absolute depression. When we say there is no recession of freedom, our minds go back to the Mitchell Palmer era of 1919-1920.

This American habit of measuring present disturbances by comparing them to past calamities is perhaps not highly scientific, even if sometimes the argument can be sustained by scholarly documentation. If we find out that we are somewhat below the last high mark of disaster we feel safe. We are also told that temporary recessions of freedom are always likely to occur, particularly in the wake of a great war. It seems that a few people have to be sacrificial lambs until the moment when these excesses themselves arouse the public to anger.

These are comfortable theories that we do not share. For we believe there is always somewhere a central wheel in the machinery of government that, if properly handled by the men who are entrusted with it, can prevent outrages to individual citizens and to the nation as a whole. This is what the Supreme Court of the United States has lamentably failed to do in its 5-4 decision on the Terminiello case.

As always happens, the present crisis of our liberties is determined by the use that individuals and groups make of them. This crisis doesn't come primarily from either Communism or from Fascism; nor does it come from the efforts that the public authorities make, according to the laws, to defend the community from the threat of subversion. The danger comes from, and is dramatized by, self-appointed investigators, who may be members of Congress, acting far beyond the boundaries of Congressional duty and immunity, or nationwide scandal-mongers, acting beyond the boundaries of decency. In every country that has fallen under totalitarianism, freedom has been killed by the reckless use of one liberty which has been converted into a weapon to smash all the others. Invariably the one liberty that can cripple all the others is freedom of speech.

There wasn't much that could be said in Mr. Terminiello's behalf. A follower of Father Coughlin, fighting under the banner of Gerald L. K. Smith, Terminiello was convicted according

to an ordinance of the City of Chicago and fined one hundred dollars for "a breach of the peace," after he had succeeded in rousing a rabble of frenzied opponents and equally frenzied followers at a meeting of the Christian Veterans of America in the Chicago Auditorium in February, 1946. As Justice Jackson said in his dissenting opinion, the local court that tried Terminiello "was not indulging in theory. It was dealing with a riot and with a speech that provoked a hostile mob and incited a friendly one and threatened violence between the two."

In the 5-4 majority opinion of the court, written by Justice Douglas, the judgment of conviction of the lower courts was reversed on the ground that, in his instructions to the jury, the trial judge of the Chicago court defined "a breach of the peace" to include a speech which "stirs the public to anger, invites dispute, brings about a condition of unrest, or creates a disturbance . . ." Justice Douglas ruled that free speech "may indeed best serve its high purposes when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger." Terminiello had not appealed his conviction on this ground. The Supreme Court decision on his behalf, based on a ground he never urged, is, according to Justice Frankfurter, a new departure in the history of the court.

Justice Douglas's theory is a plausible one, if freedom of speech is to be considered as a supreme good in itself, unrelated to all the other freedoms that together give the discipline of self-government to a community. But we find it hard to believe that freedom of speech may mean freedom for some people to incite others to riot, which the community must passively accept until the moment when riot has actually occurred.

It is enough to look at all the trials and the investigations going on in this country to realize how desperately we need judicial guidance, so that the arrogance of the self-appointed investigator or of the self-made courts be curbed. We are threatened by the danger of the decline of privacy and of respect for one another, and not by the danger of a decline of anger. Our political life at times turns into a wild game or unrestrained strife, interrupted only occasionally by the sense of national shock and national shame when a good man who has served his country faithfully falls dead.

It is in the very nature of a democracy that the game of politics cannot, in all its phases, be regulated by law. Political mudslinging or even political assassination can never be really prevented by libel laws, no matter how perfect. This is one reason why democracy is good: it is a tough game which is sometimes mortally risky for the men who play it. It is the best possible form of government, provided that the public institutions whose duty it is to temper the strife perform the function which is entrusted to them.

This is why the Terminiello decision gives us a feeling of loss, as if our laws, at the moment when they could be exemplarily applied, had deserted us. For it is the function of our highest judges, at this time and at every time, to consider freedom of speech as an element that energizes and does not disrupt all the other freedoms. We are living in a very serious time—not tragic, but serious. Can we hope to have guidance from the supreme custodians of our laws?

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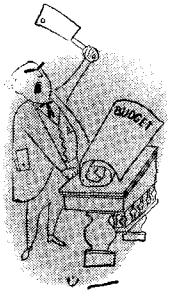
Creed of a Northwesterner

Senator Morse of Oregon warns against budget-slashing—on dams and power projects—that will also cut the nation's economic arteries



The Employment Act of 1946 was a dramatic affirmation of America's faith in its ability to provide jobs and security for all within the framework of our private-enterprise economy. It committed the Federal government to affording "useful opportunities . . . for those able, willing and seeking to work."

And yet—despite this historic commitment—the outlines of the boom-and-bust pattern have begun to reappear before our eyes, especially on the West Coast. During the war this area experienced an unprecedented boom. Population, employment, production, income—all catapulted ahead. The increase in population for Oregon since 1940 has been 49.2 per cent, California 45.2 per cent, and Washington 43.3 per cent; the increase for the nation has been 11 per cent.

Along with this population increase there has been a continued heavy growth in the business needs of industrial activities on the Pacific Coast. There also has been a failure to invest the necessary Federal capital in the development of the Columbia River for the production of energy at a rate commensurate with this rapid growth. Now, even with maximum acceleration of construction by all agencies involved, we could not catch up with the situation for several years.

The Pacific Northwest has attracted much attention, and rightly so, by its great hydroelectric power developments. Our dams have been the basis for our shipyards, our airplane factories, our electrometallurgical industry, and for our many other industrial and commercial developments. But they do not give us the complete answer to the need for a balanced development of *all* our natural resources, and particularly our land resources. Land and water resources cannot be balanced by retarding the one and promoting the other.

Today the economy of the West Coast has already started to contract. Production is down. Purchasing power is down. Unemployment is up—by something like 100 per cent in Oregon.

Some prophets see in all this the beginning of national depression. "The postwar inflation is over," they say. "Every postwar inflation has been followed by a depression, so we had better head for the economic storm cellars."

Such economic pessimists are disciples of that school of political and economic reaction in America, one of whose spokesmen said on the floor of the Senate two years ago, "Depressions are part of the price we pay for liberty." This same man has consistently opposed the building of the wealth-creating, self-liquidating, multiple-purpose dams of the Columbia and Snake River basins.

As a Republican liberal, I reject the viewpoint that the West is necessarily headed for a serious contraction of its economy and that the nation is about to fall on its economic bottom. The fact that the West made historic progress during the war does not mean that it must retrogress after the war. Rather, the wartime development of the West should point the way toward future expansion.

The trouble is that we have had a false sense of security. Business, labor, agriculture, and other segments of our economy which could have exercised enlightened restraints in setting the prices for their goods, products, and services have failed to do so; and the fact that Congress ran out on its obligation to enact reasonable inflation controls has resulted in the complete using up of the wartime savings of millions of consumers. These savings were dissipated in inflationary prices.

The opponents of inflation controls in Congress are now mixing up another dose of false economy which they hope the nation's consumers will be gullible enough to swallow. Into that "medicine-man" concoction they are pouring budget cuts in needed capital investments, so essential to an expansion of our economy; they are mixing in plenty of soothing syrup in the form of promises of reduction in taxes, stirred in with a generous portion of political molasses about balancing the budget, which they know of course they cannot do without reneging on some of our foreign obligations and repudiating some of the domestic commitments of both political parties.

Being politicians, they hate to face up to the fact that they cannot have a prosperity for very long with a $45-billion national budget, two-thirds of it in fixed charges, and at the same time have a contracting economy.

The rafters of Senate and House are vibrating these days with oratorical cries about the dangers of deficit spending and unbalanced budgets, and with proposals for arbitrary, percentage-wise, meat-axe budget cuts. Little or no thought is being given to the danger that some of the economic arteries of the nation are likely to be cut in such wild budget slashings. Still, a large number of the proposals for budget cuts, if carried out, would be at the expense of needed capital investment in wealth-creating projects which are essential if we are to halt a recession.

There are two keys to the problem

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of economic expansion—in the West and, for that matter, all over the country. The first is working together. The second is new and imaginative ideas. Working together means first that the states of the West must work together. A fine start in this direction has been made by the Pacific Coast Board of Intergovernmental Relations, under the leadership of Governor Warren.

Working together means that state and local governments on the one hand and the Federal government on the other must stop their futile bickering. The secret of that is to remember always that the development of the West is not only a regional but a national problem of the highest consequence.

The businessmen of the West must fully understand that they cannot move forward unless they win and deserve the support and cooperation of organized labor. They must remember that their prosperity is dependent upon the purchasing power of both worker and farmer. The workers must recognize that they cannot enjoy the benefits of employment unless they work together with management on a basis of collective bargaining which encourages management to risk venture capital.

In this period of either threatened recession or economic leveling off, labor should be primarily concerned with consolidating and holding its major collective-bargaining gains of recent years; at the same time it must demonstrate its willingness to assist management and the government in meeting the need for an increased and expanded production. The farmer, in turn, must remember that only through prosperous business conditions and the maintenance of the workers' purchasing power can he maintain the markets for the goods he produces.

In short, working together means the repudiation of the notion that the economically strong have the right to exploit the economically weak. It means a recognition of the fact that a successful operation of the capitalist system depends upon full employment, ever-expanding production which requires a development of the new job-creating enterprises, and new markets, both domestic and foreign.

But it is only the force of new creative and imaginative ideas that can bring people together in a constructive fashion. Today our scientists have bold,

The desert blooms: This is how the Los Angeles area's watery lifelines look to an Easterner

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new ideas for super-fertilizers, new methods of producing aluminum and putting aluminum to work, new sources of power. But while our scientists look into the future, too many of our businessmen and political leaders are prone to look back toward the old ways of doing things.

The old ways of doing things gave us the highest standard of living in the world, but they also gave us the great depression that started in 1929.

It is among liberals particularly that the need for a fresh approach to the necessities of a full-employment economy is greatest. There is too great a tendency among the liberals of the West to believe that the ideas developed under the New Deal are sufficient to serve us in the future. They forget that Roosevelt—despite his historic achievements—had nothing whatsoever to do with the prevention of depression; he was elected after depression was upon us. They forget that the New Deal never did succeed in putting all America back to work, and that it was not until Hitler invaded Poland and we started to rearm that we succeeded in achieving full employment.

In the West, we need a new and fresh approach toward the encouragement of small competitive and independent business enterprises. This means a fresh, uninhibited look at the problem of Federal taxes. Instead of playing politics with the tax issue as the major political parties have been doing for some time past, our Congress needs to go to work on a thorough overhauling and revising of our tax structure to eliminate the gross inequities which are discouraging the investment of venture capital in expanding production and new incentive in creating business enterprises.

Working together in our system of free enterprise means beginning without any more delay to work out a system whereby a small businessman can come to his local bank and obtain long-term capital at low rates of interest. This probably can be done by applying to small-business loans the experience gained under the mortgage-insurance program of the Federal Housing Administration.

We need a new approach to the problems of foreign trade. There are vast undeveloped areas of the world that need American products—products that can be produced on the West Coast and transported in ships and planes built on the West Coast. The people of India alone—to take but one example—comprise an untapped market of unbelievable dimensions.

We cannot, of course, afford to revert to the old forms of international economic barriers such as the Smoot-Hawley tariff. At the same time, however, our President and State Department need to recognize that this call for teamwork requires that international trade agreements be reciprocal on the part of all signatories thereto and not reciprocal just on the part of the United States. The persistent tendency to sacrifice the agricultural interests of the West for relatively unimportant trade advantages for certain manufacturing industries is bound to disrupt completely the farmers' economic stability.

Nor can we ever lose sight of the fact that we will lose our economic ability to participate in a bold, new program of world-wide economic expansion and profitable international trade relations if we fail to keep our domestic economy prosperous by maintaining a high purchasing power on the part of workers, businessmen, consumers, and, certainly, farmers.

No new ideas for maintaining an expanding economy and fulfilling the commitment of the Employment Act of 1946 can make much progress unless we once and for all get rid of the outworn, discredited, and ridiculous theory that when business conditions decline and unemployment increases the Federal government should then cut down on wealth-creating projects, like flood-control, soil-conservation, and power-development.

Recently, on the floor of the Senate, a Democratic Senator proposed a 40-per cent budget cut in the flood-control, reclamation, soil-conservation, and inseparable power-development projects of the country. His proposal would have been especially injurious to the West because the need for so many of these projects exists there.

I asked him to answer such questions and arguments as these: How much is it worth to the nation in human values to save hundreds and thousands of home owners from the dangers of devastating floods? How much is it worth to us in dollars to save acres and acres of land from being washed into the sea? How much is it worth to us, from the standpoint of public confidence in our government, to take the steps necessary to prevent these great losses from floods? We always are willing to spend millions for relief when great catastrophes have hit our people. We are humanitarian then. However, *now* is the time to vote enough money for these projects to *prevent* human suffering. I am glad to say that the budget cut was defeated, 59-15.

The time of a threatened recession or depression is no time to be cutting capital investment in self-liquidating, production-expanding projects such as our multiple-purpose dam and flood-control programs of the West. Such false-economy proposals threaten full employment there, and they illustrate the unsound system of budget-making practiced by the Federal government. If the national budget were set up—as it should be—on the same basis as any business operates, in its budget there would be a clear separation of operating and administrative costs from capital investments in needed wealth-creating projects.

The Federal budget, which always should be planned to be free from deficit spending, unless some extreme emergencies should make it necessary, is the budget covering the operating and administrative costs of running the government. However, to include in the budget the self-liquidating capital investments and then insist that the budget with those capital investments in it must be balanced each year is a very unsound fiscal policy. It is the formula of economic stagnation.

—Wayne L. Morse

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'Stay East, Young Man!'

Everything in California will be bigger this summer—including, unfortunately, the unemployment rolls

The State of California has many distinctions: it is first in the value of agricultural products, first in gold mining, aircraft manufacture, joy-through-climate, and so on. To these, sad to say, a new record must be added—California is first among the states in unemployment.

In April, 1949, nearly 500,000 residents of California were out of work. Some 170,000 were veterans. Urban F. Stewart, veterans' unemployment representative in California, flashed a warning to job-hunting ex-servicemen from Bangor to Biloxi: "Stay East, young man!" One in fifteen Americans lives in California; so does one in six of the nation's unemployed. Governor Earl Warren reported last month that California, with seven per cent of the nation's population, had about 14 per cent of its unemployed. The Golden State has two-and-a-half times as much unemployment (on a proportional basis) as any other state.

California is highly intricate; so, quite naturally, is its pattern of unemployment. To date, the big-city areas have shown but one uniformity—they are all hard hit. Of these regions, the sprawling commercial complex called the San Francisco Bay Area, the best-integrated business community in the state, has taken some of the earliest, and most discouraging, post-reconversion falls. It has over 100,000 unemployed—more than 20 per cent of the state total. For this reason, the Bay community, and San Francisco in particular, is probably the ripest of any for study.

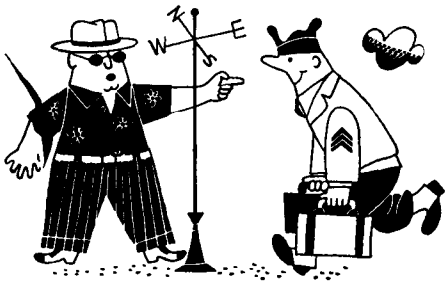
The basic facts about the nine counties of the Bay Area are that they are bound together by water, form a unit as large as Connecticut and Delaware, and serve the world. They have 2,600,000 inhabitants, one third of whom have arrived since 1940. The area has money: the average income is $1,759 a year, as against $1,621 for the state and $1,325 for the nation.

San Francisco is the heart—a peninsular point where the U. S.-European-Asiatic lifelines cross. Before the war 800,000 people were jammed into its forty-two square miles. San Francisco gets its basic income by serving the agricultural regions of northern and central California as financier, processor, agent, salesman, shipper, instructor, and entertainer. Inevitably, eastern business has colonized the city—you can buy a Brooks Brothers suit, a Lily Daché hat, a Countess Mara tie there.

Macy's has become such a retail power in the city that its San Francisco president, Wheelock Bingham, sits on the board of the Bank of America—one of the few "foreigners" so distinguished. All this points up an old fact which San Franciscans hate to admit—the city is still a satrapy of the eastern United States, though not all the profits get away by any means. Enough has remained to nourish 522 branches of the Bank of America, the world's largest moneybag.

In its own territory, San Francisco's position is dominant. When most of the 400,000 people of Oakland, seven miles across the Bay, speak of "the city," they mean San Francisco.

The main trouble with San Francisco, as with most of the West Coast, is that there is no longer a war. After Hiroshima, shipbuilding—the first war baby—sickened immediately. West Coast shipyards built more than three thousand ships (mostly at "cost plus") during the war, 42 per cent of all the nation produced. Of this number, about a third were built in half



a dozen Bay Area yards. Today, Marinship and Henry Kaiser's great yards, Richmond 1, 2, and 3, are quiet ruins. Richmond, north of San Francisco, has almost five times its original population because of the war, but it can offer almost nothing but service jobs.

Though curtailed considerably, business in the rest of the Bay Area carried on surprisingly well for three years after the war on civilian demand. But eight months ago, it, too, seemed to dwindle. Since then, the story has been one of cutback, layoff, shutdown. Only industry with prewar roots has managed to survive, and that only on a reduced scale. Fortunately over half the

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fiber-helmeted war workers went back to their home states when the work ran out. The trick is to find work for those who chose to remain.

Probably the outstanding peace casualty in the Bay Area is San Francisco's port. Here, three factors—labor-management trouble, the collapse of the Asiatic market, and the vagaries of world politics—have combined to accelerate a decline that began some years ago.

Many shipowners, perplexed by the same problems that have just about closed the waterfront, have diverted their vessels to the Atlantic or Gulf trade, or put them under Panamanian

registry to cut high operating costs. Some of them, after generations in San Francisco, have moved their home offices to New York, for the Pacific war disrupted the trade patterns of fifty years. This has sliced paychecks of seamen and longshoremen even thinner.

An industry allied to shipbuilding, the metal trades, has also declined in San Francisco. Steel fabrication and foundry production are off 50 per cent from the peak; machine shops and sheet-metal works that blossomed during the war on subcontracts for everything from ship ventilators to shell casings have shrunk to normal size.

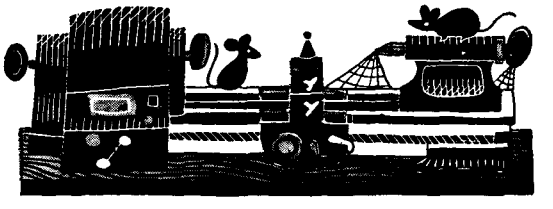
The port and industrial slumps have affected all Bay Area business. Department stores are cutting prices; loan repayments on automobiles are slower, and repossessions more frequent; used-car prices are tumbling as new models stand unsold; movie attendance is down 15 per cent; real-estate and business loans have dropped alarmingly since January; banks are "loaned up"; FOR SALE signs are tacked up on a lot of houses; and San Francisco bookies complain that the fifty-dollar bet is gone for good. There is no longer a housing shortage in San Francisco; rather there is a shortage of people who can afford to buy houses. Carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and painters are limping along on what adds up to no more than three or four days' work a week.

San Francisco nightclubs, bars, and restaurants are feeling the pinch; a number have gone into bankruptcy, liquidated by a changed mood and an empty pocket. Hard goods are moving slowly. Appliance retailers stand between snowy ranks of washing machines and refrigerators in faint hope of a customer—which gives the statistical ones time to remember that California had 21 per cent of the nation's business failures in 1948. Even the panhandlers are making smaller touches than the wartime two-bit minimum. This is happening in a city with one of the highest living standards in the United States. Haircuts still cost $1.25 in San Francisco.

As the economic pressures increase in "the city," the inevitable social pressures that are their product visibly multiply. Workingmen are frightened: the layoff threat has boosted productivity to new levels of efficiency; the "honest day's work" is back. Some union leaders have pruned wage demands, or agreed to forgo increases, to keep staggering businesses going. San Francisco had hoped for an upturn in April and May, but it never materialized. There is increased competition for jobs; some unions have closed their rolls and others, like Harry Bridges's longshoremen, have adopted a share-the-work routine to provide some work for all rather than no work for some. The jurisdictional controversy has suddenly reappeared. Carpenters and roofers are now struggling over the right to lay

composition shingles, a job both abandoned during the war when there were easier ways to make money. The mysterious phraseology of mingled hope and fear is heard in the conference room and the union hall—disinflation, deflation, readjustment, leveling off, shakeout, recession. Nobody says depression.

The unskilled laborer is feeling the greatest pressure right now, of course. In San Francisco and the Bay Area, unskilled labor now means Negro labor. More than 40 per cent of all employable Negroes in the Bay Area are out of work. San Francisco, which has a reputation for open-handedness, does not quite know what to do. It had five thousand Negroes before the war. Now it has fifty thousand, and a growing race problem. Oakland, Berkeley, and Richmond, the other big members of the Bay complex, have a total popu-



lation of seventy thousand Negroes.

All this—the silent port, the decline in general business, less money, continuing high prices—makes the San Francisco region appear, as this summer begins, to be one of the most unpromising sections of the nation. But there is also a positive side. Because of the inability of Russia to export much industrial machinery, China must inevitably reopen to the U. S. When that happens, San Franciscans will be among the first to exploit the situation. San Franciscans can see a dollar up the Yangtze (or the Persian Gulf) as easily as up the Sacramento River. In one of the most remarkable pieces of industrial diplomacy in history, some of the city's citizens eased into Saudi Arabia, struck a deal, set up ARAMCO, and

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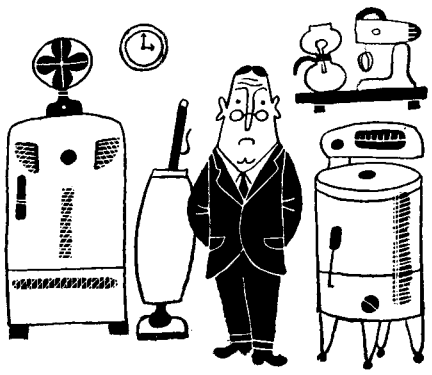
secured a major share of the oil reserves of the Middle East.

Many San Francisco people, and San Francisco institutions, are as busy as in boom time. Transocean Air Lines, a youthful outfit, flies British emigrants to Canada, German refugees to Venezuela, fishermen to Alaska, engine parts to Germany—and American warplanes to China. It also helps organize airlines for the Philippine Republic and Pakistan.

The California colossus, the Bank of America, reaches east with twelve million dollars to help sustain Kaiser-Frazer. (Henry Kaiser is strangely quiet these days.) It reaches west with ten million dollars to help Japan purchase raw cotton from the U. S. Besides innumerable state branches, it has offices or representatives in Manila, Shanghai, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Bangkok, New York, London, Paris, Milan, and Zürich. The Bank of America is acutely aware of its dependence on the world, and its place in it. So is the city of its birth.

At the moment, the men who run San Francisco and the Bay Area are hoping hard for peace in China so that the old trade patterns may be somehow resumed. Meantime, the swelling population practices the economic incest common to any great urban area. News of the region's 100,000 unemployed is getting around the nation by now, of course, but so far it seems to have had little effect on immigration.

Last month, some twenty-two thousand newcomers crossed the California borders, apparently determined to stay. Californians watched them come with mingled worry and excitement. People are still the greatest natural resource a country, or a state, can have. Where they go, industry and political power must follow.



All Quiet at the Port

San Francisco's Embarcadero, once choked with ships, is suffering from strikes, the by-pass, and geopolitics

San Francisco's frame of reference is the sea. Even on bright days, when the usual trick lighting of sun and fog is absent, the hills and spindly white buildings of the city seem to be afloat. The peninsula beetles over the water in places: if you jump from some San Francisco windows, you will drown, not break. Salt water lies at the end of most through streets; the rich salt-water odors are tangled with everything. The salt-water damp, the bone damp that waits in bed for you, is deep in the city's foundations and the joints of the septuagenarians.

The most memorable San Francisco sounds are sea sounds—the surf roar and the bass coughing of ships in night fog on the bay. Of the two, the fog horns have usually worked most deeply into the remembering ear. Many people, strangers and natives alike, used to complain that the horns were too lonely-sounding to abide. They hardly ever complain any more.

At the moment, the San Francisco Embarcadero, the broad, curving, cobblestoned waterfront that brought the city into existence and has kept it in money and tumult for a century, is silent. During the war, San Francisco serviced as many as forty ships a day; from Fisherman's Wharf to China Basin, the Embarcadero was choked with cargoes. At night the lonely foghorns sounded. On the day this is written, there are six ships in port. Three of them have been lying at anchor for days—they were bound for the Islands when the Hawaiian (ILWU) longshoremen struck on May 1. None of these ships need do much horn-blowing. San Francisco loadings for the first quarter of 1949 are off 30 per cent from last year and 40 per cent from 1939, which was the last normal prewar year. The dockhands are spreading the work, so that all pay envelopes thin out equally; the bosses are trying to figure out how to stay in business. Next to the recent, abrupt rise in general unemployment in the city, the decline of shipping is the dominant story in San Francisco. The newspapers are exhorting everybody concerned to do something. In hurried and somewhat awkward collaboration, those world-famous enemies, the waterfront employers and the unions, are issuing joint statements of confidence, and are even planning to send joint delegations around the country to show shippers that they can, and will, work together to revive the port. No stronger evidence that the port is in immediate need of revival could exist. The natives toss in their beds.

What has happened to the chief port of "the greatest natural harbor in the world"? The convenient explanation now is that the recent ninety-five-day strike of the waterfront unions against the Waterfront Employers Association, which hires longshoremen, and the Pacific American Shipowners Association, which hires sailors, engineers, clerks, and so on, neatly finished off the port. At first glance, this seems to be right. Certainly San Francisco's strike record has made many shippers avoid it. The latest strike (there have been five since Harry Bridges's International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union redeemed the dock workers from peonage in the bloody battles of 1934) was one of the longest in Embarcadero history: September 2 to December 6. Nothing moved during that time, and, worse yet, the railways promptly put an

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embargo on the port, which kept a backlog of goods from piling up. Before the strike, loading averages had been falling dangerously. Still, with the clear knowledge on both sides that any work stoppage might finish the port as it was then organized, the momentous strike was called.

The reasons for the shutdown, and its short-term results, may be run through quickly. Weeks before the legal date for negotiating a new contract, the ILWU-led unions made some new proposals. There was nothing remarkable about them; they might have been worked out without trouble were it not for the deep bitterness and mistrust between employers and workers. But, for the first time in years, the employers had a real weapon—the Taft-Hartley law. They used it with seeming caution at first (from the outsider's view); they granted most demands, but insisted that the hiring-hall dispatcher, the all-important man who gives out jobs, be neither a union nor a company man but a disinterested third party, chosen by the Federal Mediation Director. This, they said, was the law. Actually, it was a situation which management could interpret one way or the other—according to its temper—because this was one of many loopholes in the Taft-Hartley Act. The ILWU claimed immediately that it was a wedge—one more attempt by the employers to regain ground lost over fifteen years. (All contracts since 1934 have specified that dispatchers be union men.) Both sides dug in.

In their second round of proposals, the employers dropped the dispatcher clause but stood firm on two lesser demands. When this offer was rejected, and the ILWU walked out, the employers swung the Taft-Hartley law again—harder this time. They announced that all district and local ILWU officials, including Bridges, would have to sign affidavits that they were not Communists before negotiations could be resumed. That was what prolonged the strike. When it had dragged through almost two months, a majority of the employers made an unprecedented move. They broke ranks, reversed their policy on the non-Communist proviso, formed a new negotiating committee, and resumed talks with Bridges on Armistice Day. On Thanksgiving Day, agreement was reached. A three-year contract was signed soon after. San Franciscans felt relief for the first time in months.

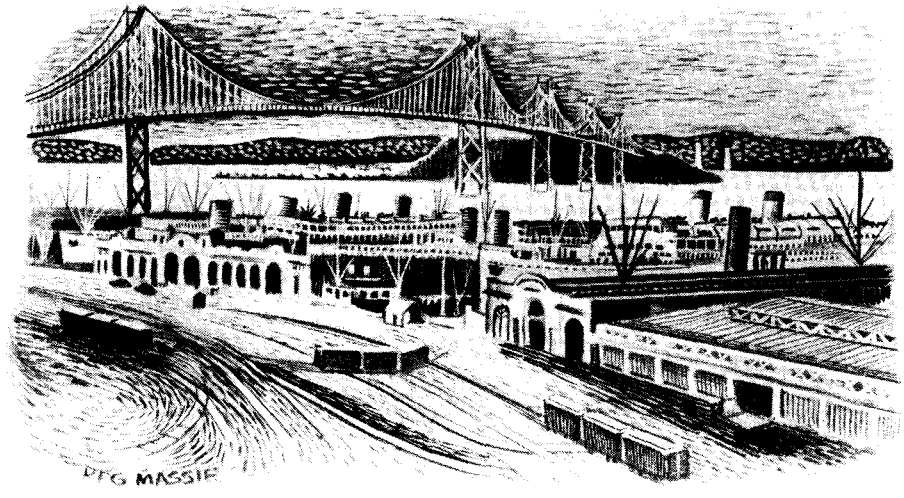
The feeling was decidedly premature, even among the longshoremen. They had kept their dispatchers, signed no affidavits, and gained a fifteen-cent-an-hour raise. The employers had taken a sound licking. But it was the bystander, the port, that was unable to rise from the floor. After the strike, loadings continued to decline—while business in Seattle held even with 1948, Portland business fell only six per cent, and business in the Los Angeles-Long Beach area rose seven per cent. By January the situation in San Francisco was very serious; by February, critical; by March, desperate. (The adjectives are those of the employers.) Worst of all, the majority of those involved, most of them men who had believed that the trouble was locally created, could not tell where the new blows were coming from.

About this time, it became evident that the San Francisco dilemma was not local at all, that the strike itself had only speeded, not generated, the process of decline. The problem that San Francisco had to face was, in its present stage, very like that which had confronted the great, vanished ports of antiquity—a geopolitical problem. San Francisco, more than any other United States port, was being by-passed by a subtle shifting of world needs and world events. Until certain things happened hundreds or thousands of miles away, there was nothing much the Embarcadero could do to revive itself.

By now, the men on whom the future of the port depends have pretty well explored the San Francisco problem, and have come to certain very interesting conclusions. One is that the port has been on the downgrade since before the 1934 strike. A principal reason for this has been the growing concentration of the nation's manufacturing and fabricating power in the Middle West—a power that finds it faster, cheaper, and safer (as far as strikes are concerned) to ship via the Gulf. That trend is even stronger today. A manufacturer in Davenport, Iowa, for example, can have his product shipped to the port of New Orleans (which is doing three times the foreign-trade business of San Francisco today) and handled across the dock and into the ship within thirty-six hours—all for a single price. Railroad freight rates to San Francisco have always been discriminatory—and still are. Beyond that, until last month San Francisco had no single across-the-dock charge. A shipper who chose the Embarcadero never quite knew what his bill would be. And there was always the chance of strikes.

A second reason why the Embarcadero must have been silenced, strike or no strike, is that it handles chiefly high-cost luxury goods—automobiles, refrigerators, clothing, dried fruit, and so on. At this hour, the world is not much interested in luxury goods; it uses the dollars it has to buy rehabilitation staples. At the same time Britain banned U. S. movies, for example, it banned the importation of dried fruit. For years, every third pear grown in the San Joaquin valley of California had gone into a dried-fruit basket for England.

This factor also explains why the



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ports of Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles have been doing relatively well since the beginning of 1949, while San Francisco, the traditional leader, the port that has always accounted for over 40 per cent of coast longshore earnings, has slumped. Seattle handles mostly lumber for Britain and Japan. Portland handles grain and coal. Los Angeles handles oil machinery for Saudi Arabia and citrus fruit for the world. None of them envies San Francisco its monopoly on luxuries.

The third reason for paralysis of the port is by far the most important and interesting. It is political. For decades, the Embarcadero has been preparing to handle the vast volume of China trade that was to come when that country, and the rest of Asia, began to industrialize. The war delayed this project. But the Communist revolt has stopped it cold. Until the Communists take China and settle down to do business with the United States the Embarcadero cannot revive. That is the fact. The fate of the port of San Francisco is riding with the Communist armies. However unnerving that thought may be to the waterfront Brahmins, they have accepted it and are impatiently—believe it or not—awaiting the day.

Meanwhile the sea city, the spectacular organism that has cultivated worldliness and is paying for it now, is trying to patch up its port economy. To make one patch, the employers have whipped up a new management organization, the Pacific Maritime Association, and placed the president of the Marine Terminals Corporation, Oscar W. Pearson, at its head. This move has ousted the men who used to do the employers' bargaining, all of them long and acrimonious enemies of Bridges, and has smoothed the way for future relations. Then there is the new guarantee, underwritten by the San Francisco Employers' Council on one side and the national CIO on the other, of continuous service at the docks. A single handling charge, in place of several, has been instituted. Still other plans are in work.

Whether all of them, plus the reopening of Asia, will put the Embarcadero back together again is anybody's guess. The native San Franciscan has a deep longing to hear the voice of the foghorn again. It's lonelier without it.

Maybe Down, Not Out

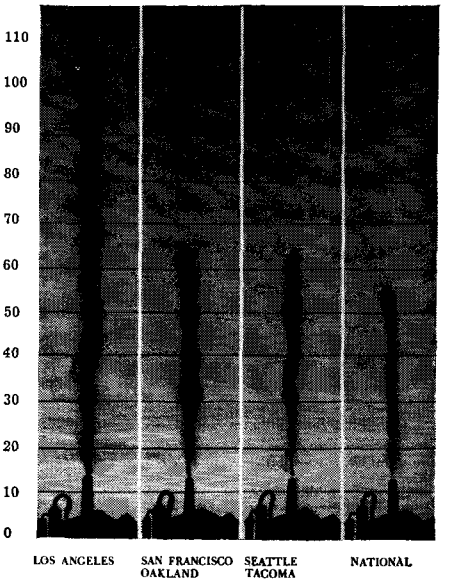
In spite of the troubles of the moment, the coast has what it takes—resources and people—for prosperity

Right now the Pacific Coast is an uncertain area economically. Unemployment is more widespread than anywhere else in the country. Shipyards have shut down. The ports are somewhat less active. But, despite the difficulties of the moment, the long-run outlook for the region is good. The West may be expected again to grow industrially. That, at least, is indicated by the general historical drift of the three states along the Pacific and, equally important, of the great western land mass of forests and river basins, mountains, plains, and deserts in the interior.

Before the First World War ended, the Pacific Coast, especially California, was fast losing the status of a colonial dependency that supplied raw materials and foods to the East and Midwest. The population was increasing steadily—and with it the characteristic "home-market" industries and services that follow people; raw-material production was giving way, in part, to semi-processing and regional manufacturing, especially in the industries based on strong local natural resources such as food, lumber, petroleum, fish, minerals, and metals. The development of the great Californian oilfields between 1900 and 1920, and the expansion of hydroelectric power facilities, provided low-cost energy for further industrial development. After the great population upsurge in the 1920's, the Pacific Coast—especially Southern California—was clearly becoming a major industrial factor in the national market. Between 1899 and 1937, the number of manufacturing wage earners in California increased fourfold; between 1919 and 1937 it went up 40.2 per cent while it decreased 4.8 per cent in the country as a whole. Even then California's percentage of manufacturing workers was still slightly below the national proportion. In 1941, all of the western states except California received a larger percentage of their income from agriculture than the national average. In California, servicing and handling activities exceeded the national average.

Then came the growth of population and industrialization during the Second World War. The Pacific Coast, on the whole, did not *convert* to a war basis; instead, it added war industries, such as ship and aircraft construction, to those it already had. Of course, some peacetime handling and service activities and petroleum production had to

Numbers Employed In Manufacturing Industries
PERCENTAGE GAIN—1939-1947



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be expanded because of the heavy movement of men and materials to the Pacific battlefront. The extraordinary migration to the Pacific Coast, unlike some earlier movements, responded to wartime economic needs.

At the end of the war the West had a new, fully-integrated, and expanding steel industry in Geneva, Utah, and Fontana, California; a large light-metals industry in the Northwest; and a new series of durable-goods industrial facilities. It had the labor supply and experience with which to operate these industries.

The prophets of postwar doom were wrong, for a time at least. After a brief drop, employment and immigration were high again. Industrial expansion continued at a wartime tempo. Among the thirty-three major industrial areas of the United States, Los Angeles made the largest percentage gain in employment in manufacturing industries from 1939 to 1947: 113.2 per cent, in contrast with 54.9 per cent for all areas. San Francisco-Oakland and Seattle-Tacoma advanced 66.6 per cent and 64.1 per cent respectively.

For any useful appraisal of the West Coast's future certain factors are particularly important:

The relative level of employment and prosperity in the United States as a whole. The West is part of the great national free-trade market. In the past, substantial growth of population and industry in the West has coincided with periods of national prosperity. During such periods the national and world markets have returned high incomes to California producers. The high income level and the traditional glamor of the West have acted on capital and people as an economic magnet.

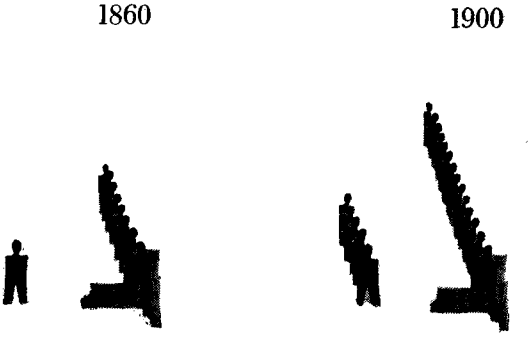
The upward trend in population. Population advances may be expected to continue, even if at a lower rate. Although the West Coast needs time now to catch breath, there is no strong *economic* reason, if the country as a whole is prosperous, why employment opportunities should not eventually expand too, for the West Coast is getting more people, and people incite economic activity; they create markets.

The level of income and purchasing power. For years, per-capita annual incomes in California and Washington have been far above the national average, with Oregon about at the average. The figures for the three states were $811, $644, and $576, respectively, in 1940, with the national average at $579. There is a marked tendency for the western states to enlarge their proportion of the nation's total income.

Labor supply and labor costs. The recent immigration has enlarged and diversified the labor supply. It appears evident that the quantity and quality of labor in the West will soon be superior to what they were before the war. A major issue will be the ability of the California industrial areas to reabsorb the Negro workers who stayed on after the war. Wage rates are high, but in many instances not much, if at all, higher than in the rest of the country. Actually, wage rates can often be somewhat higher in production for the western market because freight costs protect them from eastern competition.

Energy supplies and costs. The Pacific Coast lacks low-cost, high-quality coal. For the last three decades petroleum and natural gas have provided cheap bulk energy, and so have hydroelectric and steam power plants. Now, even California is beginning to import natural gas and must expect eventually to import large amounts of petroleum. In the meantime, power facilities have been expanded, and this process can be pushed much further. The Pacific Northwest is peculiarly dependent upon hydroelectric power. The Far West is not the best location for industries based on low-cost bulk fuel. Presently, however, it is no worse off than most major industrial areas of the country. The inter-mountain coal and shale reserves may solve the problems of the more-distant future.

Raw-material supplies and costs. Even though many of the West's natural resources, such as the forests, have been "mined," there are still vast possibilities of reclaiming the forests and of development in the soil, beneath the soil, and in the ocean. Agricultural, fuel, lumber, petroleum, fishery, mining, and other industries, together with their processing derivatives, should



A graphic representation of population increases in New York State (right) and the three Pacific Coast states (each figure represents 500,000 persons). In 1860, when New York's population was 3.9 million, the states on our western shore had fewer than half a million inhabitants. By the beginning of this century, New York's population had almost doubled; that of Washington, Oregon, and California had increased fivefold. With the wartime and postwar rise, the Pacific Coast now equals the New York figure.

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continue on a strong basis. The West still enjoys tremendous untapped resources. But the long-run advance of all industries based directly or indirectly on local resources requires the insurance that can come only from stronger conservation and developmental programs.

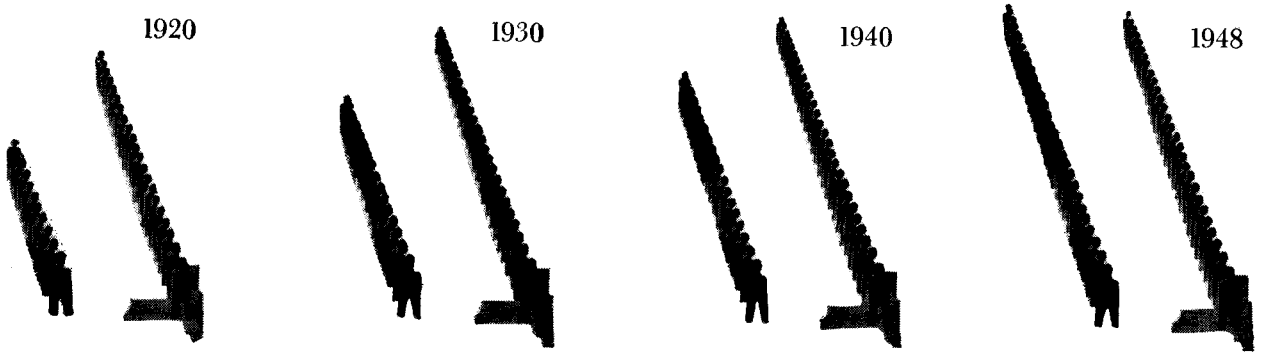
Supplies of semi-processed and fabricated parts and equipment; the geographical association of industries. One of the major industrial handicaps of the West has been the necessity of importing, at high cost, not only machine tools and factory and construction equipment, but also basic industrial materials such as steel. Now, for the first time, the West has a fully-integrated steel, as well as a strong light-metals, industry. Shortly, the West will be able to supply its own demand for most steel items. Wartime industrialization has so enlarged and diversified the industrial base that it has brought to the West, and especially to California, many of the so-called "external economies" stemming from a broad regional agglomeration of industries. Now, as a matter of fact, industries that once were economical only in the Midwest or East can operate securely in the West.

Freight rates and costs. No problem is more complicated or confused than the impact of freight rates and costs upon regional development. Popular discussions tend to overemphasize the handicaps of the South and West arising from high export-freight rates. It is commonly overlooked that the Far West typically has very favorable rates on commodities with heavy outward movement, including even manufactured goods, and that low inbound rates on manufactured goods were an economic advantage as long as the West was a great deficit import center. Low export-freight rates on the West's characteristic products, together with low import-freight rates on manufactures, enhanced the terms of trade for the West. Of course, some new regional enterprises are handicapped if they are ambitious to ship east prior to the establishment of a commodity-rate structure. But almost always, it is possible to serve the regional markets on a favorable competitive basis. The heavy increases in freight costs in the past few years have improved the relative positions of the western producers in serving regional markets. High freight costs should tend to foster the further expansion of regional industries and make the West a more compact economic region.

These factors and influences point clearly to continued economic and industrial expansion in the next several years. The rate of growth should be greatly accelerated if the country as a whole remains prosperous and could become phenomenal if the Pacific Basin markets open up. The broad outlines of economic development are reasonably predictable. First, the "home-market" industries and service and distribution activities that follow population—newspaper and job printing, baking, ice-cream making and soft-drink bottling, laundries and cleaning services, retailing and wholesaling, and the like—will continue to grow. Second, industries with firm regional raw-material bases and well-established markets should remain strong: agriculture, lumbering, petroleum, mining, and fishing. Third, the processing industries based upon the traditional raw-material industries should hold their own or expand—the steel and light-metals industries and fabrication businesses attracted by the enlarged regional supplies and markets. Fourth, the construction industries should be in a strong position because of large unfilled demands and needs. Fifth, there will be an expansion of industrial activities in the broad zone of relatively footloose inter-regional industries as a consequence of the widened regional markets, high inter-regional freight costs, etc. Sixth, expansion must occur, of course, in the fields of transportation and public utilities, finance, insurance, real-estate, and governmental activities, to serve the enlarged population and meet industrial demands.

The chief threats to the continued economic progress of the Far West stem either from the national and world situations (if things should go wrong) or from fundamental errors in governmental planning and execution in the development of natural resources, especially of water, and the improvement of power and transportation facilities, including public highways and port facilities for handling coastal and world trade. Important also are such problems as air and water pollution, including underground supplies. Much of the man-made physical equipment of the coastal states must be remade and improved in the next few years. Most important are the broad programs for conserving and improving the organically inseparable human and natural resources of the area. Western political and business leaders have unequaled opportunities to show the highest qualities of economic statesmanship.

Sound programming would aid private enterprise to develop products for local, regional, national, and world markets. Western enterprises have given abundant evidence of their ability to compete in intra- and inter-regional rivalry. In fact, when inter-regional rivalry is involved, the driving psychological compulsion—of the smaller rival or of the younger member of the family, without the conservative inhibitions of tradition and



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of customary ways of doing things—is helpful to the West.

Too little, however, is known concerning a very important aspect of western industrial operations: viz., the economic consequences of branch-plant operation. The western states, especially California, may be described as branch-plant empires since such a large proportion of industrial and economic activity is in the hands of branches of national firms. Occasionally, contrariwise, western firms have reached eastward to found their own branch operations. Popular literature often depicts the eastern or midwestern headquarters primarily as exploiters of the western domain. Actually, there is little evidence for this attitude. It is largely a traditional one.

Within the West itself there have been such marked differences in resources and economic conditions and development in times past as to break down regional solidarity. This has been especially true of the relations between the coastal states and those in the inter-mountain area. Often, the inter-mountain states considered those on the coast parasitical as they watched the population move westward. Gradually, however, a sense of regional homogeneity is arising. The enormous and rapid industrial expansion along the Pacific Coast is now providing enlarged markets near at hand for the other states and may be expected to furnish a backwash of population. The broad integration of the steel industry between Geneva, Utah, and the coast may well presage the larger development of intimate, interdependent industrial and market relations that may be more significant than the current conflicts over water rights. The western states must learn to cooperate in broad programs of regional development rather than fritter away energy and intelligence in adolescent rivalries. Only on this basis could the West absorb the enormous numbers foreseen by Governor Earl Warren when he predicts a population of twenty million for California alone. Easterners typically do not realize that the West is much more dependent upon group and governmental planning in the development and utilization of resources than other sections of the country. Controlled agriculture through irrigation projects sets the stage for the larger drama.

—E. T. GRETHER

Wandering Workers

Our migratory farm laborers are in for bad days again if present economic and governmental trends continue

Violent struggles may occur again between migratory farm workers and large-scale farmers on the West Coast. If the recession continues to deepen throughout the country, it is likely to be most severe and most swift in the vast, rich specialty-crop areas of California and the other Pacific Coast states. The several hundred thousand people —estimates range from 300,000 to 600,000—who tend and harvest these crops are always the first to be hurt in an economic squeeze, because they are already living so close to subsistence level. Under such circumstances misery like that which inspired *Grapes of Wrath* is apt to come again.

The living and working conditions of these farm workers were definitely, though not vastly, improved because of the manpower shortage during the war and the Farm Security Administration program before the war. The big farmers were able to hold their workers only by increasing wages, furnishing better housing, and generally manifesting more practical concern for their happiness, health, and welfare. Otherwise the workers would have been gathered in by the new steel, aircraft, and other war industries.

The question is whether during a serious economic decline the farmers would strive to maintain that improvement. Would they want the government to keep a floor of minimum decency under these migrant multitudes? Most officials who know the problem think not. They think the farmers would want the workers to fend for themselves without a government program. A number of them prophesy trouble. One such is Walter C. McKain, Jr., rural sociologist in the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, who has written:

"Future prospects regarding the farm labor situation do not look bright. A new period of farm labor strife may be brought about by the large migration of war workers to the West Coast, by the use of Mexican nationals to harvest crops in some areas, and the influx of others into the farm labor force for lack of any other choice."

A report of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee on the Associated Farmers of California published in 1944 gives a graphic portrayal of earlier farm-labor strife in the region. It recounts the strong-arm methods of the Associated Farmers—largely financed by the oil companies, public utilities, railroads, and canners—to block unionization of migratory farm workers. "California," said this report, "is the most modern and scientifically advanced segment of our agricultural economy . . . certainly, if we permit men who work on the land in California as hired wage workers to be coerced and intimidated in their rights to organize and bargain collectively, we can have but shallow hope that a different pattern will emerge elsewhere in the nation."

Officials believe the attitude of the big farmers as revealed in the Senate report is only temporarily quelled because of farm prosperity. They join Mr. McKain in foreseeing possibilities of violent conflicts similar to the Imperial Valley, Salinas Valley, and other strikes of the 1930's.

Department of Agriculture experts cite as another bad omen the attitude of the Associated Farmers toward the farm-labor camps built by the Farm

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Security Administration. The Eightieth Congress, as a result primarily of pressure from California agricultural interests, passed a measure to liquidate the camps by June 30 of this year. There were fifty-three camps throughout the country, twenty-three in California. All told, they provided facilities for fewer than ten thousand families, but they were valuable as symbols of enlightened handling of migrant workers. The pending housing legislation has a clause that would retain these camps but transfer ownership from the Federal government to local housing authorities. It is being fought by the Associated Farmers.

Another unpleasant situation arises from the American agreement with Mexico early in the war under which farm workers were recruited below the Rio Grande and brought under contract to the West Coast and other regions of the United States. The contract was written principally by the Farm Security Administration, and its terms—minimum wages, sanitation, housing, and food—were better than any then existing in farmer-employee relationships. Since the Farm Security Administration was supplanted by the Farmers Home Administration, the agreement, though it has been renewed several times, has been violated so regularly it has ceased to have real effect.

It was abrogated finally last fall by the Mexican government after an incident at the El Paso, Texas, border. This was the sudden collective turning of the back by the U. S. Immigration Service while several thousand Mexicans came across the border without contracts and were taken in trucks to Colorado beetfields and cottonfields in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico.

State Department officials, anxious to undo the damage to U. S.-Mexican relations caused by this apparently collusive invasion of "wetbacks"—illegal entrants from Mexico—began negotiations last January looking toward renewal of the agreement. The negotiations are still going on. An added reason for Mexico's resistance is the accumulation of discrimination cases against Mexicans in Texas while the agreement was in force.

The majority of big farmers on an advisory committee to the U. S. Employment Service, which inherited the problem from the Department of Agriculture after the war, wants a program with Mexico devoid of contracts establishing conditions of work. The State Department and the Mexican government reject this concept under which Mexican farm workers would be admitted merely by certificate of need from employer-farmers on this side of the border.

If an agreement is signed, it is unlikely the Employment Service will seek to bring in during the current growing and harvest season more than thirty-five or forty-five thousand Mexicans, in contrast to the eighty thousand who came in 1945. This is because mounting industrial unemployment—particularly in California—has greatly loosened the labor market. It is also because large numbers of wetbacks have remained in this country.

Though at most the number of wetbacks is no more than a fifth of the total farm-labor force in the United States—a figure ranging between 2.5 and three million—they are numerous enough to affect the standards of all the others. In testimony before Congressional committees H. L. Mitchell, president of the National Farm Labor Union (AFL), said that many wetbacks were willing to work for twenty or thirty cents an hour in the Florida citrus belt when wages were running between fifty and seventy-five cents an hour for others.

The determination of large-scale farmers to hang onto this large supply of farm workers not subject to contracts may be seen in Public Law 893 passed by the Eighteth Congress. This law gives the Federal Security Administrator, through the Farm Placement Division, the authority to recruit "foreign workers" anywhere in the Western Hemisphere for "temporary agricul-

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tural employment." No standards for the workers are mentioned. This law expires on June 30. A substitute measure, S. 272, introduced by Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, is even blunter in its abandonment of all considerations of conditions of work for imported farm workers from the Western Hemisphere.

However, there are signs that organized labor will not let a farm-worker-importation program continue without a fight to establish standards. The very chartering of international unions among agricultural workers by both the CIO and AFL is evidence that labor recognizes the need to achieve and maintain standards for workers on large-scale industrialized farms. It is beginning to see that the standards of organized labor are jeopardized by a migratory host of farm workers, both domestic and foreign, many of whom —especially the wetbacks—slip from farm to railroad, construction, and other non-farm work.

A report by a joint committee of the California legislature this year, after discussing the "eight thousand to nine thousand camps, trailer courts, and motels in the state that house farm labor," emphasizes that over 50 per cent of the migrant labor is now settled in valley towns, living in "everything from the poorest shacks to decent, modest homes." The difficulties confronting the region are accented by tremendous population increases. The trend toward larger and larger agricultural holdings in fewer and fewer hands—a national trend—is evident in California despite the 160-acre limitation on use of Federally-developed irrigation water. The state's 6,223 farms of a thousand or more acres contain 25,863,229 acres. That is well over twice the acreage of all other California farms combined. Cotton developments in the San Joaquin Valley figure largely in this trend. Nearly a million acres there are producing cotton. The crop in dollar value now exceeds the citrus crop as the most valuable in the state.

Wages for cotton picking—three dollars for a hundred pounds last year, an all-time high—and for cotton chopping (weeding and thinning) are down this year, as are farm wages generally.

Improvements in working conditions for farm laborers, which came out of the war and which are now threatened, have not been limited to the West Coast. The Federal Council of Churches, the Conference of Catholic Charities, the Lutherans, and other denominations have joined actively in helping focus attention on the plight of migrant farm workers. Then, too, the National Farm Labor Union, under Mitchell's leadership, has had definite influence in instituting reforms in the handling of the migrant hordes, especially in the Northeast.

The New Jersey legislature recently passed legislation designed to protect conditions for farm workers on its great fruit and truck farms. Mitchell and his union annually transport large numbers of the Southern membership, predominantly Negro, to New Jersey and nearby states for work on this type of farm. Those who are familiar with the migrant seasonal armies say that more and more big farmers, corporation and individual, are coming to see the value of adequate housing in attracting and holding good workers. To illustrate, they mention the big vegetable-farm operations at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, the King Farms in Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and Trenton, the Heinz farms at Muscatine, Iowa, and the John A. Hall farm at Lockport, New York.

It is felt by the more thoughtful government, and other, people studying the situation that the government will have to work out a program of support for farm labor if a recession reaches major proportions. They believe the Farm Security Administration was on the right track in its attempt to develop a training program for farm workers and to extend its system of camps with their central laundry and bathing facilities and decent housing.

Only one of the three national farm organizations has consistently advocated bringing farm labor under the protection of all labor and social-security legislation. That is the National Farmers Union, which insists that the family-operated farm in this country will have a far better chance to survive in competition with the large-scale corporation farms if the latter have to treat their laborers on the same basis industry is compelled to under law. The American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Grange, while proclaining their belief in the family-type farm as the bulwark of the American democratic system, have, nevertheless, steadily opposed extension of labor legislation to cover farm workers even when such legislation is limited to farms employing ten or more workers.

Recently, however, the Farm Bureau and the Grange have approved extension of old-age and survivors' insurance to farm workers. They have even let it be known that they would not actively oppose extension of a moderate minimum-wage coverage to farm workers. But if they are caught in a real depression they will undoubtedly retreat even from this position.

The only answer for this migrant multitude is in a government program designed explicitly to aid them as part of a sweeping farm program. But such a solution can only be achieved, in the opinion of experienced observers, if organized labor and the urban middle-class voters put their political strength behind it.

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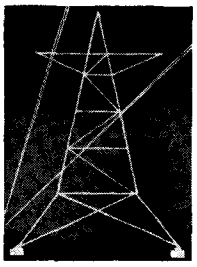
Kilowatts Out to Sea

The Columbia River generates them, but their harnessing by government is an issue which shakes the Northwest



The six thousand people in Sweet Home, Oregon, are worried. Nine years ago, when the census was taken, only a thousand inhabited this sawmill town at the edge of the last great fir forests left in the United States. The increase came about because of lumber. It is Sweet Home's only resource.

As long as the trees endure, the furniture store bought with a mortgage by Dave Epps, once an all-star basketball player at the state university, will prosper. So will the weekly Sweet Home *New Era,* operated by a couple of migrants from Wyoming. So will Stewart Weiss's West Gate Lumber Yard. Weiss, a Republican state official, came to Sweet Home with nine hundred dollars in 1940; now he is considered to be nearly a millionaire.

But will the trees last? The U. S. Forest Service warns that each year the number brought down on the mountain ramparts above Sweet Home far exceeds the new growth. That is why the people worry: What to do if the fir gives out?

Sweet Home has heard of a plan proposed by the President of the United States in a special message to Congress in April. The plan is known as the CVA. Stewart Weiss regards it as "super-bureaucracy." Dave Epps, who ran for secretary of state on the Democratic ticket in 1946, thinks it is a part of the New Deal, and that is all right with him.

The Columbia Valley Administration is the Northwest's greatest issue, yet few of the people there understand what it would be. Most know it would be patterned after the TVA, three thousand miles away across the continent, and that is all most know.

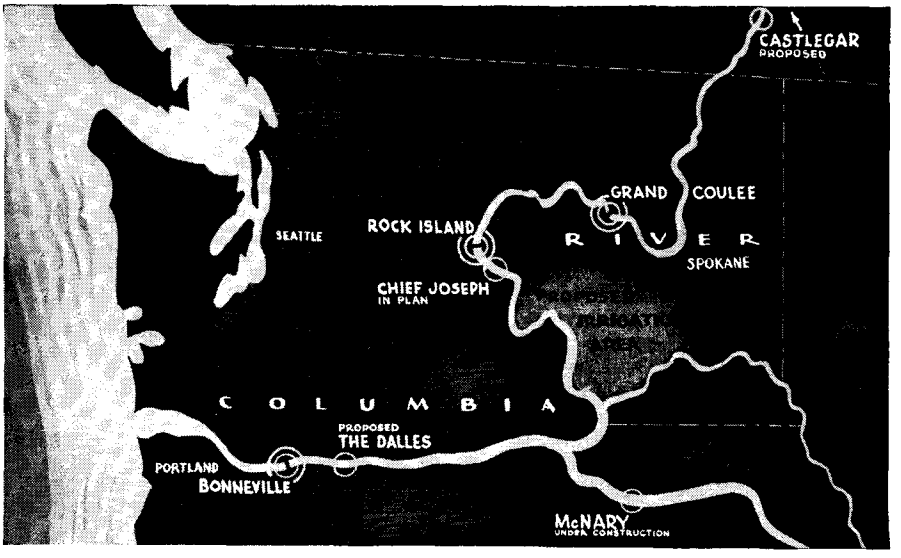
The Northwest is in crisis, and this is the principal strength of the CVA as a public issue.

Since 1940, about a million people have come to Oregon and Washington. Only 932,000 migrated to the Northwest in the entire first century after Jefferson claimed the area for the United States. The population increase has been larger proportionately than in any other section of the land. Many moved westward to work in the shipyards, which now rust in eighty annual inches of seacoast rainfall. Aircraft production has been cut back. Lumber has absorbed much of the slack. In Oregon, seventy-one cents out of every payroll dollar originate in forest products. But the forests will not last forever. Indeed, unemployment in the Northwest is more than twice the national rate. How can the newcomers be put to work?

The Northwest has one resource that has barely been scratched. To all intents, it is as unexploited as it was when Lewis and Clark saw it.

That resource is the Columbia River. It carries down to the ocean more water than all the other rivers on the Pacific seaboard combined. The vast icefields of the Canadian subarctic, the Snake and the Salmon in mile-deep canyons, the glaciers of the Cascade and Selkirk Ranges, the angry Kootenai and the rumbling Clark Fork—all bring their water to the Columbia. This wondrous flow empties a drainage basin as immense as Texas.

No other source of power on the North American Continent can match the Columbia. Thirty-three million kilowatts can be generated on it. Only three million have been produced. This means that less than ten per cent of the Columbia's energy has been tapped by the multitude of government bureaus and private companies functioning in the region. In contrast, the Tennessee Valley Authority has developed 2,567,000 kilowatts of power, which represent a far higher percentage of the



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Tennessee's comparatively puny maximum output.

And so in the Columbia thirty million kilowatts are going to waste. They foam downhill and disappear where the river's generous mouth tastes the brackish tide of the Pacific. Conservation is not wholly a lost cause, and the men and women of the Northwest understand what this signifies. Thirty million kilowatts over one year are the equivalent of 150,000,000 barrels of oil. This oil could be used to operate factories, to move trains, to heat buildings, to send aloft bombers.

And what of jobs?

Columbia River power is the cheapest in the nation, because it is the most abundant. Manufacturing plants have been moved across the country on flatcars to use it. In 1939 not an ounce of aluminum was produced west of the Mississippi. Now half the national supply is spun out along the Columbia. More would be manufactured if more power were available. Ever since the Bonneville Dam was completed, new kilowatts invariably have meant new jobs. In fact, chambers of commerce must violate their natural instincts by discouraging factory construction in the Northwest until additional dams rise across the Columbia.

Yet on the foggy April morning in 1937 that President Roosevelt stood at Bonneville and dedicated the cavernous powerhouse to "the production of a vast amount of cheap power," the utility industry issued a press release claiming hydroelectricity was impractical compared with energy generated from coal. The industry felt Bonneville's capacity would not be absorbed.

"We have kilowatts running out our ears," said a utility president.

"A folly of great magnitude," contributed a widely-quoted regional editorial page.

Memories of this episode serve the CVA usefully. "I don't know much about the CVA," confessed a stringy railroadman with ruddy skin stretched taut over high cheekbones, "but I do know that the same folks who are opposing the CVA once told us that Bonneville and Grand Coulee were white elephants. We heard this all the time, especially in election years. Yet today we need a lot more dams like Bonneville and Grand Coulee. If the utility crowd was so wrong once, why should we listen to what they say now?"

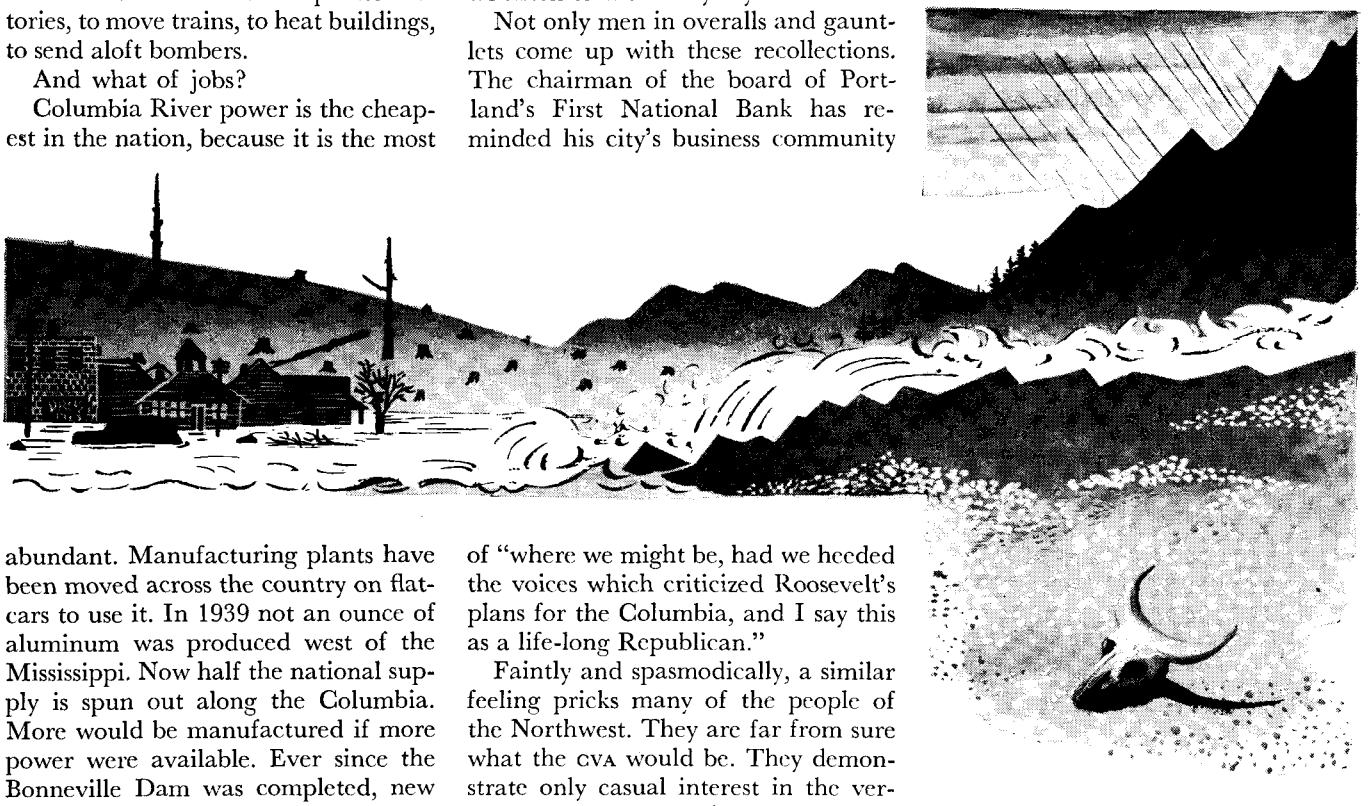
Not only men in overalls and gauntlets come up with these recollections. The chairman of the board of Portland's First National Bank has reminded his city's business community of "where we might be, had we heeded the voices which criticized Roosevelt's plans for the Columbia, and I say this as a life-long Republican."

Faintly and spasmodically, a similar feeling pricks many of the people of the Northwest. They are far from sure what the CVA would be. They demonstrate only casual interest in the verbose explanations of the CVA issued by government offices. But people remember that grim warnings were issued concerning Bonneville and Grand Coulee. Comparisons were made between these projects and the useless but imposing Egyptian pyramids. Today the main objection to Bonneville and Grand Coulee seems to be that there are not more of them.

The CVA would coordinate and integrate all the Federal agencies in the Northwest now concerned with river development. This has not penetrated deeply into the regional consciousness. "Integration" is a word that moves few men and women. "Jobs" and "light bills" are words that move many.

Senator Estes Kefauver talked about the CVA in these terms and attracted the biggest banquet crowd served at the Hotel Portland since the gabled structure was built in 1879, only two years after the pastoral Nez Percé were subdued with fire and cavalry. Retainers of the hotel whispered that the discussions of the CVA and jobs showed even greater drawing power than a legendary political feast of the 1890's, at which a lithe ballet dancer from San Francisco bathed in Oregon loganberry wine.

The interest stems from the ferocity of the fight in the Northwest. So bitter have been the denunciations of the CVA that dispassionate discussion has been rare. Although it is seldom mentioned, a single clause of the Administration's bill probably inspires these denunciations. This paragraph authorizes the CVA to buy private utility systems. Power companies are contributing funds to hastily-created "civic" organizations which have just one mission: to arouse public sentiment against this clause and the whole CVA.



The ideological tone for these groups has been set by a 54-year-old novelist, Robert Ormond Case (*Dynamite Smith—Cowboy, Riders of the Grande Ronde,* etc.). He also is author of *River of the West,* published in 1940 under the imprint of the Pacific Power & Light Company. One of Case's warnings is that the President might appoint

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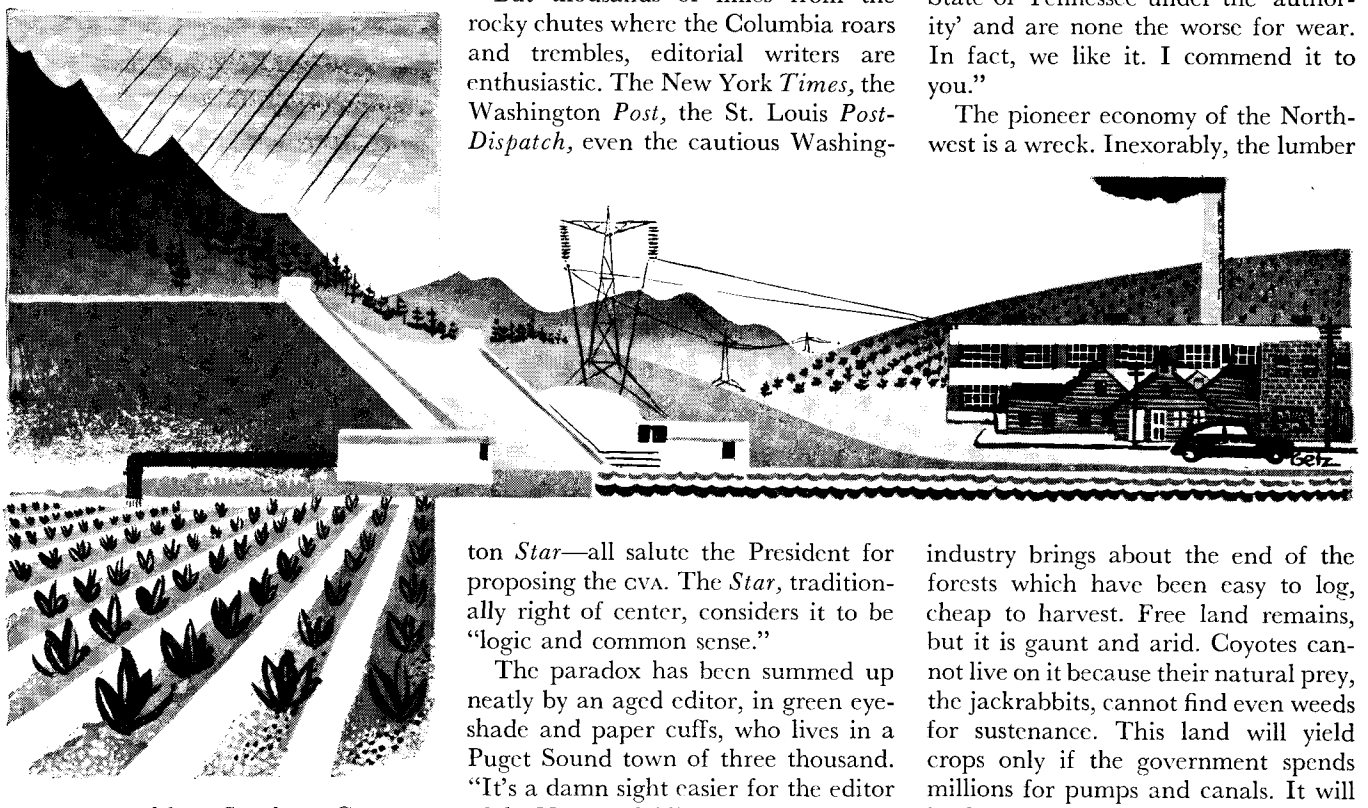
his foes of last November, Henry Wallace and Senator Glen Taylor, to be two of the three directors of the CVA.

In the measureless vistas of the Columbia Basin, James Burnham could find much valuable addenda for his *Managerial Revolution.* Some of the corporate owners of the region's utility companies are not averse to selling out to a solvent buyer such as the U. S. Treasury. They recall enviously the $78,600,000 paid by the TVA to the



Commonwealth & Southern Corporation for its properties. Furthermore, the power companies of the Northwest have been whittled away by local public-ownership elections which often seize the heart of the system and leave the utility only empty veins and arteries. More than one stockholder thinks now is the time to sell out.

But the managers of the power companies have a different stake in the struggle. They own little or no common stock. Far from enriching them, a profitable sale to the government merely would make them lose jobs of comfort and prestige. They think the CVA means their personal liquidation. But reports persist that the families which hold title to the region's utility companies are holding down the anti-CVA activities of their hired managers.

It is a curious paradox that practically all substantial editorial support for the CVA originates outside the region where it would function. Newspapers in the Northwest are almost uniformly hostile. The Portland *Oregonian* is benevolently neutral, with a slight tilt in favor. Smaller dailies in Pendleton, Oregon, and Wenatchee, Washington, think the CVA is a move in the right direction. Practically all other regional papers denounce it as "socialism," and a few call it "Communism."

But thousands of miles from the rocky chutes where the Columbia roars and trembles, editorial writers are enthusiastic. The New York *Times,* the Washington *Post,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* even the cautious Washington *Star*—all salute the President for proposing the CVA. The *Star,* traditionally right of center, considers it to be "logic and common sense."

The paradox has been summed up neatly by an aged editor, in green eyeshade and paper cuffs, who lives in a Puget Sound town of three thousand. "It's a damn sight easier for the editor of the New York *Times* to come out for the CVA than it is for me," he admitted. "The editor of the *Times* doesn't have my chamber of commerce president breathing down his neck."

Yet the warnings about "socialism" and "tyranny" have had an impact—even in the White House.

It was by decision of the President that the CVA stands not for Columbia Valley Authority, as might have been expected, but for Columbia Valley Administration. This is a significant bit of semantics. The President and his consultants felt the word "authority" might sustain the extravagant charges against the CVA.

This somewhat devious approach on the part of the plan's adherents has not been successful. Senator Kefauver, who is close to the Tennessee Valley *Authority,* spoke in Seattle and Portland in behalf of the Columbia Valley *Administration.* Early in his speech at Portland, Kefauver crumpled his manuscript in his hand.

"Let's call CVA what it is," he said. "It would put all the Columbia River agencies under one roof as TVA has done. So I'm going to talk about an 'authority.' If anyone is afraid of the word 'authority' let him remember that we are enjoying our liberties in my State of Tennessee under the 'authority' and are none the worse for wear. In fact, we like it. I commend it to you."

The pioneer economy of the Northwest is a wreck. Inexorably, the lumber industry brings about the end of the forests which have been easy to log, cheap to harvest. Free land remains, but it is gaunt and arid. Coyotes cannot live on it because their natural prey, the jackrabbits, cannot find even weeds for sustenance. This land will yield crops only if the government spends millions for pumps and canals. It will be desert forever unless it is ribbed with water from the Columbia. The old, untrammeled era is gone—the era when the government carried the mail and sent the cavalry, and did little or nothing more.

The region is packed with migrants. Some live in tarpaper shacks; others have no electric lights. Families from flooded Vanport, which was crushed to kindling by the river in 1948, still sleep in army cots on basketball courts. But their numbers count. Soon the frontier State of Washington is to have more electoral votes than industrial Connecticut, more members of the House of Representatives than South Carolina. When these newcomers need jobs, and only more hydroelectric power can put them on payrolls, the Northwest will get its CVA. That is the timetable.

—RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

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To Man's Measure . . .

The Ark and the Room

Mount Ararat is an extinct volcano 16,916 feet high. Like Mount Blanc (15,781), Mount McKinley (20,300), Mount Everest (29,141), and also like anthills in a meadow, Mount Ararat is not interested in man. Man, however, is interested in Mount Ararat because of the picture (q.v.) which faces this page. Egerton Sykes, an Englishman, is so interested that he is setting out this summer to climb the mountain in the hope of finding any of the pieces of Noah's ark that may still be lying about. "I expect to find remains of the ark 11,000 feet up," says Mr. Sykes.

Mankind, always and everywhere, has kept dark memories of catastrophe; working the hard and arid soil, men have remembered that once they were driven from a garden in which they had been happy; faced with peril from the sun that dried and starved the land, from rising waters that swept away the village and engulfed Atlantis, they have remembered a time when mankind was almost vanquished altogether by a universal cataclysm.

It is not too difficult an exercise to explain away these memories as nightmares persisting from man's life in forgotten ages when enormous birds descended upon him and crushed him beneath their weight, when prodigious lizards greater than whales swallowed him. Nor is it hard to dismiss the memories as part of the uneasiness that comes over each individual upon his exile from the contemplative warmth of the womb.

But the fact is that the texts which contain man's most distant memories do not always lie. The airplane flies above the desert, and there are these strange lines that you cannot see except from above; they mark where marble and brick lie beneath the surface; they form rectangles where once stood houses, they outline the streets, the public squares, the temples—and then the city that existed in legend only, or in some text disputed by experts, reenters history. Nineveh exists again; the temple at the mouth of the Sele joins the other temples of Paestum.

Each city, each temple, each Flood, each Noah's ark that is rediscovered justifies man's fragile memories of the past, makes it a little less as if he had suddenly dropped out of clear sky into the midst of the quarreling, arbitrary present we call "recorded" history.

Archaeologists contribute to our self-assurance, and Egerton Sykes, British diplomat and archaeologist, as he climbs Mount Ararat to extend our genealogy backward, deserves all praise. He does not get it from V. Mayevsky, who writes in *Pravda*: "Why is it necessary for Mr. Sykes . . . to seek out an ark which never existed and to talk crass nonsense of the universal flood? The explanation is quite simple. It is enough to glance at the map to understand the real meaning of the Biblical preoccupations of the Anglo-American imperialists. Under the guise of an expedition of 'archaeologists' the current group of seasoned explorers is setting out for the northeastern frontier region of Turkey. The real aims of such an expedition are as far from archaeology as Egerton Sykes from his ancestor Noah. . . . Had there been no Noah's ark, there would have been no human race, no England, no Foreign Office, no pounds sterling, and even no dollars. It turns out that the respectable British gentleman is indebted to Noah for his advance in the service." *

All right. Mr. Sykes is a spy. But what, asked the inhabitants of Honolulu, Paris, Dublin, London, and Gander Lake, Newfoundland, what—stepping out of an airplane—on earth is this? Dressed in "authentic colonial garb," carrying a writing pouch, quill pen, sandbox blotter, clay pipes, and a snuff-box, wearing square-rimmed glasses and steel-buckled shoes, what they saw was "Father Knickerbocker" (James J. O'Brien) pursuing a "good-will," "global," "world-trade" flight around the world on behalf of the New York World Trade Week Committee.

What impossible roles people are constantly taking it upon themselves to play! Or was there some extraordinary

* *Bulletin: V. Mayevsky's thesis has been adopted by the Turkish Government which has ordered the whole thing called off.*

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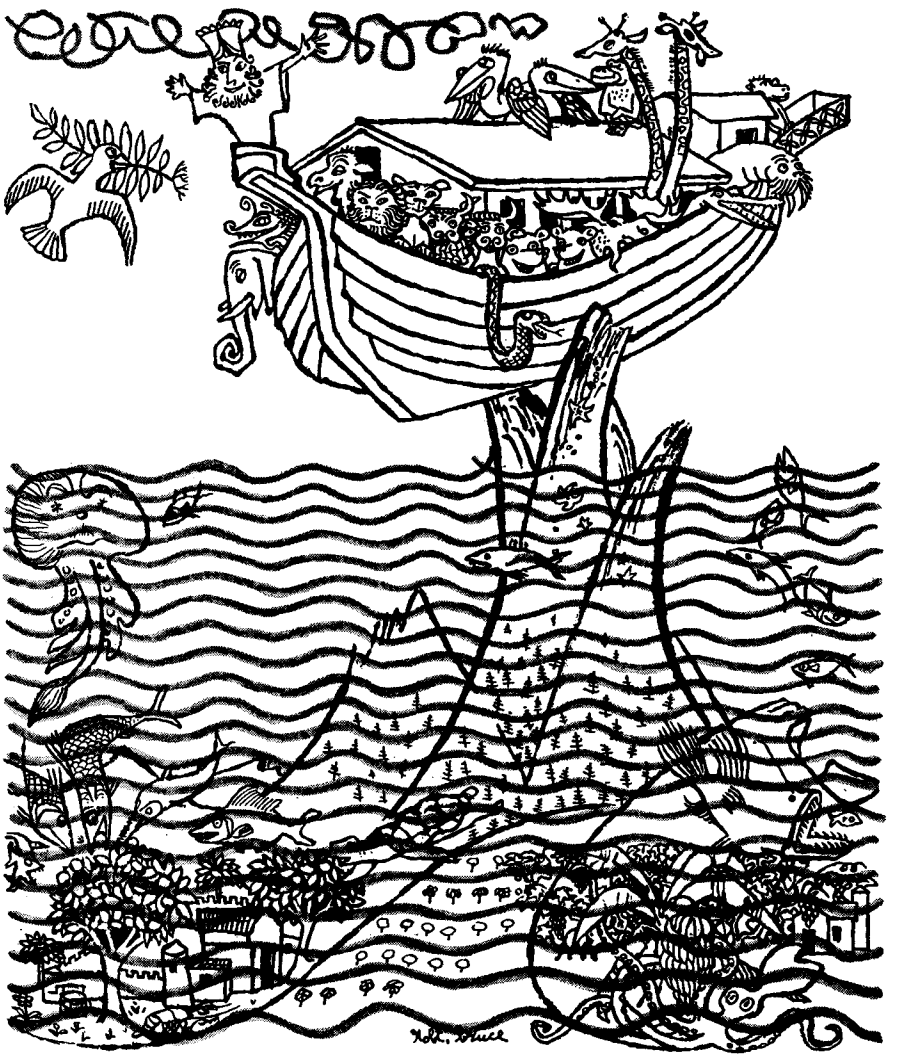
compulsion, concealed from us and the whole world, that led this former Professor of Romance Languages at Fordham, this Secretary of the Public Works Department of New York City, this quiet and educated man, to get himself up this way and go rushing about the world—a stupid and incongruous insult to its many anxieties? The trip was not easy or restful; he slept three hours a night; he had constantly to produce himself to be photographed with puzzled and embarrassed mayors; he had to keep an expense account with that quill pen and the sandbox blotter. Then why did he go? What could he think he was doing? What useful or even explicable purpose could he, or any who saw him traveling, imagine him to be performing?

Greeted, on his return, by a parade of policemen and firemen, with their departmental bands (playing *East Side, West Side*), and by a detachment of naval cadets, Mr. O'Brien, still wearing a lei of gardenias that he had acquired in Hawaii, assured the crowd in front of City Hall that New York's prestige was well recognized in all the capitals he had visited. Whereupon six students in Dutch costume, from the Chalif School of the Dance, performed colonial dances; May Faun Wy, Crazy Bull, White Eagle, Buffalo Boy, Little Beaver, and Morning Glory performed Indian dances.

It is so terribly difficult for people to understand one another. Here is Mr. Sykes. Is he an archaeologist, a mountain climber, a British official on a vacation, a British official who is a spy? Far up on Mount Ararat, it is impossible for us to find out which of these occupations dominates his mind and his heart. Nor far away in Russia can V. Mayevsky divine it.

And here is Mr. O'Brien whose recent conduct presents such an insoluble problem. He has circled the globe; he is back in New York; he has made his little speech to the welcoming firemen; for a brief and ridiculous seventeen days he has been a public figure. He is back in his old suit and at his desk.

Perhaps we are not meant to read into men's hearts and motives—whether people are near or far. Here in New York, beneath the window, is the ground-floor tenant trying to grow a garden in his back yard, and now he is busy picking up the empty milk container, the empty beer container, the



dirty toothbrush, the orange peel, that have been dropped into the garden from the run-down hotel next door. Here, in the summer, last night, the windows were open; the voices came from a room in the hotel; the people in it kept the lights on and you could not go near your window because you would see them in their room. Through the night the man and woman quarreled. They drank and there would be silence for a moment; then they would quarrel again. Here in the same room tonight a young couple put a child to bed. The father sings the child to sleep.

No Discrimination

Two priests, Father Schutten and Father Ormsby, representing the National Catholic Bishops' Resettlement Program, recently inspected the conditions under which a hundred and fifty displaced persons were living on sugarcane plantations in Louisiana. Men were paid $2.90 for a nine-hour work day; women received $2.80 for an eight-hour day. When it rained and they could not work, they were not paid. The average weekly pay was twelve dollars. Houses provided were not bad, Fr. Schutten said, but the workers had to pay their electric and gas bills and buy their own furniture as well as their food and clothes. "The plantation commissary is the only place where the D.P. can cash his check. As a result he has to do all his dealings there, where prices are considerably higher than in New Orleans. When he gets into debt he finds that he can never leave the plantation because he will never have enough money to pay his debts." Such a state of semiservitude is not what these exiles were led to expect.

The D.P.'s, Fr. Schutten noted, were no worse off than the native-born Americans with whom they worked.

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Nobody in Step but Spain

Hitler's complaint that Franco betrayed him; Franco's charge that Churchill double-crossed him

It is relatively easy to make a case for almost anything about Franco's relations with Hitler and Mussolini. He could be an ally, a fellow traveler, an independent agent, a renegade. All that is necessary is to ignore when and under what conditions he was one or all of them. Yet there is nothing inherently unreasonable in the possibility that Franco—to the Axis—was a co-worker in one period, a disillusioned satellite in another, and a scared bystander with a bad conscience in a third.

The Spanish problem had no independent existence. To Hitler and Mussolini, it was only one of many. What happened in Spain was a direct reflection of what had happened in far-off Britain and what was going to happen in remote Russia. Hitler fastened his attention on Gibraltar only after the Luftwaffe had been frustrated over Britain. Then, as he made up his mind to attack Russia, the western Mediterranean took on a many-sided significance for him. He fully realized the danger of an Allied landing in North Africa. By closing the straits and occupying Morocco, he intended to put the maximum indirect pressure on Britain, to lend support to Mussolini's muddled campaign in North Africa, and to protect the German rear in the West before the grand assault in the East.

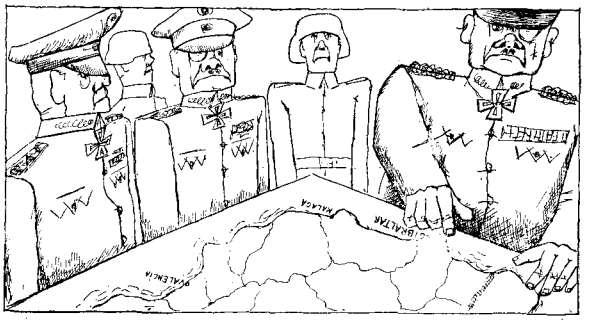
Molotov's momentous visit to Berlin in 1940 was the turning point not only of German-Soviet relations but also of German-Spanish relations. Molotov's conversations began November 12. On that same day, Hitler issued Directive Eighteen. This directive covered a lot of ground. Most of it was devoted to Operation FELIX—to drive the British out of the western Mediterranean by seizing Gibraltar. The rest of it instructed the German Army to prepare for action in North Africa, the Balkans, and Russia. Each of these operations was a major undertaking. The attack on Russia was first envisaged for the spring of 1941, then May, and finally June. Hitler wanted to get the three others out of the way beforehand. Hence Hitler's attitude toward Spain changed sharply. When he did not think he needed Spain, Franco's offer to get into the war was regarded in Berlin as a half-impertinent, half-amusing nuisance. When Hitler decided he needed Spain in the war immediately, he stopped haggling. He was ready to promise anything, "regardless of whether the promises can be kept," as General Halder's diary puts it.

The Germans were so flushed with success despite the setback in the air over England that they more or less took it for granted that Franco would, in the end, do as he was told. Against their better judgment, the German generals went ahead with their preparations to storm Gibraltar and move in on Morocco. A corps under General Kübler was poised in France to pass through Spain to Gibraltar for the final assault. After seizing Gibraltar, Hitler intended to station one or two German divisions in *Spanish* Morocco to hold French Morocco and the rest of west Africa in line and guard the straits. The target date was mid-December. Everyone was ready but Franco.

The more the Spaniards thought about it, the less they liked it. The time had gone by when they figured that they could get into the war, as Serrano later put it, "at the hour of the last cartridge." They were willing to be jackals, but not dead jackals. Mussolini was giving them a horrible object lesson in the folly of pretending to be stronger than one was. On no account could Franco afford to get into a long war—and a long war for Spain meant anything over six months. Irrespective of any basis of trust between Franco and Hitler, this difficulty was insuperable.

There was no such tie any more. It was stretched thin when Franco discovered that Hitler was not so willing to satisfy his territorial ambitions. It was strained to the breaking point when Franco found that Hitler wanted the best part for himself. It snapped completely when Franco learned that Hitler expected bases in Spanish territory. Positive fear came over Franco when he contemplated the crossing of the entire length of Spain by a German army en route to Gibraltar and the possibility that Spain might become a battleground if the British retaliated by landing in Portugal. When this happened, Franco stopped worrying about grabbing French territory and started worrying about holding his own.

When Hitler was cold, Franco was warm—and vice versa. Within a week of Molotov's departure, Serrano Suñer



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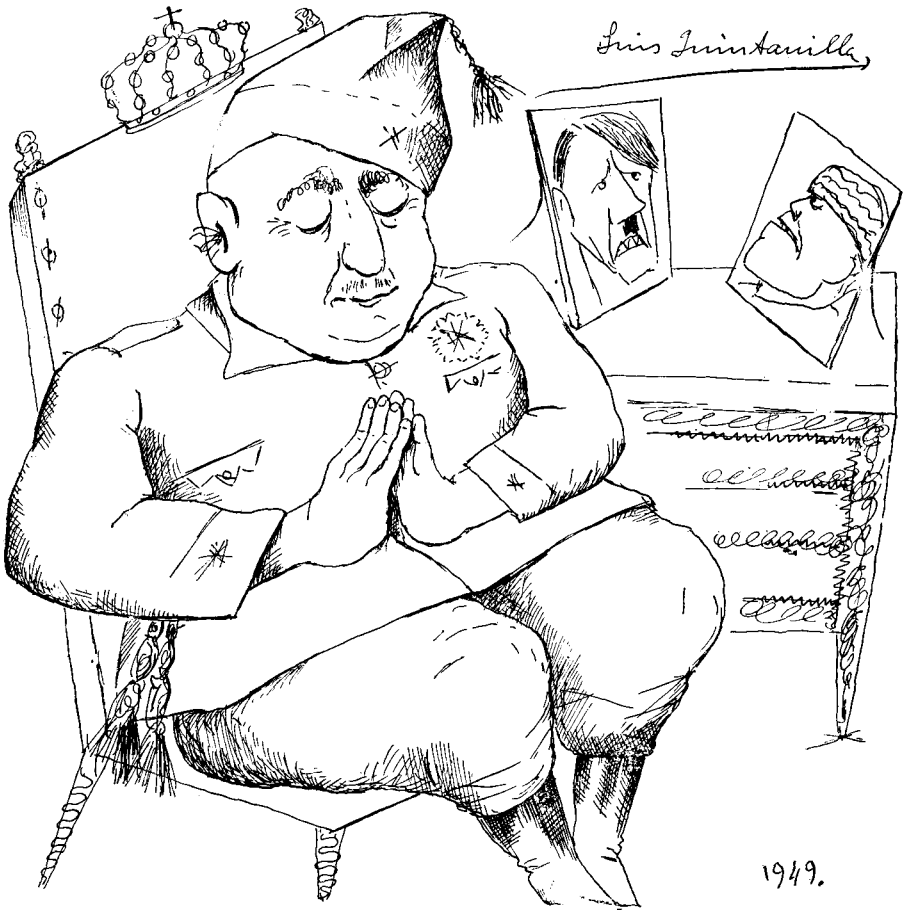
made another pilgrimage to Germany. Hitler gave him his personal attention. The ordeal lasted four hours. Hitler talked all through the first one. Somehow Serrano squirmed out of a commitment. When Hitler held forth on the need for speed to close the Mediterranean at both ends, starting with Gibraltar, Serrano nominated the Suez Canal for immediate attention. When Hitler vaguely promised arms, Serrano complained that Spain had paid for a Heinkel plane factory that had not been installed. But Serrano's most powerful argument could be summed up in one word: wheat. The Spanish deficit was a million tons, and the Spanish people could not be drawn into war without bread. Serrano was not taking much risk asking Hitler for so much wheat because the Germans were already adding potato flour to their own bread. The verdict was no decision.

And still German military preparations went on. The assault divisions finished their training. The big guns were ready. Goering even tried to get the command for his own airman, General Richthofen. Only Franco still refused to set a date. Hitler called a conference on December 5 to postpone the attack because the troops needed about three weeks to cross Spain. He decided that the latest possible date was January 10, 1941. And he determined to make one last effort to convert Franco.

Admiral Canaris, the German counterespionage chief, flew to Spain. He saw Franco December 7. Canaris had worked for German naval intelligence in Spanish Morocco in the First World War and met Franco there. He brought word that in order to start the assault on Gibraltar at the end of January or the beginning of February, Hitler wanted his troops to move January 10.

Franco was, if anything, more stubborn. He answered in no uncertain terms that Spain could not enter the war in a short time and could not wage a long war without imposing "unbearable sacrifices" on the people. There was simply not enough food, and the transportation was woeful. He challenged Canaris to go anywhere and see for himself. He also protested to Canaris that Gibraltar was Spanish, and that the Spaniards would never allow other troops to take it over. Canaris made a last attempt. Faced with the prospect of going back to Berlin empty-handed, he tried to get a later date for the operation. Franco refused to budge.



Generalissimo Franco

That was the last straw. Four days later, Operation FELIX was cancelled. Hitler tried to revive it the following month and even asked Mussolini to plead with Franco. But before Mussolini could do so, the German generals killed the plan by informing Hitler that the artillery which had been collected for the assault on Gibraltar had been shipped to the Eastern Front. Fortunately for Franco, Hitler had talked too much, had made too many plans, had set too many forces in motion. The timetable was so tight that the delay of a month or two made it top-heavy, and something had to be thrown out. By playing for time, Franco saved himself.

If the Battle of Britain put Franco in jeopardy, the Battle of Russia pulled him out.

Once the all-consuming preparation for the Russian campaign had begun to live a life of its own, there was nothing Hitler could do about Franco's apostasy, except express his bitter disappointment in words. Never again could he mention Franco or Serrano Suñer without rage. "Jesuit swine," Hitler called them. Goebbels's diary is filled with other choice epithets. There is a curious resemblance between a letter the German dictator sent Franco three days after the FELIX plan was finally sidetracked and the letters which Stalin sent to another heretic, Tito. *"Spain will never get other friends than those given [it] in the Germany and Italy of today, unless it becomes a different Spain."*

Hitler made no effort to hide his chagrin from the Italians. In one letter to Mussolini, he wrote: "If Franco had adopted a loyal attitude, had allowed the operation against Gibraltar and facilitated the passage of German troops to Morocco, the situation would be completely changed today." And the record of a conversation with Ciano says: "If Spain had acted with greater loyalty towards the Axis (and here the Führer expressed himself in very harsh terms on the subject of Generalissimo Franco) the British position in Gibral-

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tar would no longer exist and the attack on the English positions in North Africa would be extremely easy."

Hitler was probably right. At least the Allied leaders thought so. The British Ambassador in Madrid, Sir Samuel Hoare, has admitted that Gibraltar was "practically undefended" in 1940. In fact, General Halder thought there was a good chance that the British might choose to evacuate without fighting if an assault were really on the point of being launched. The Gibraltar position was still so weak two years later on the eve of the Allied landings in North Africa, despite the most strenuous efforts to strengthen it, that the Governor of Gibraltar, Lt. Gen. Sir F. N. Mason-Macfarlane, advised General Eisenhower that "both the naval base and the air station at Gibraltar would go out of commission at once" if Spain became a belligerent. The whole North African expedition of 1942 was predicated on Spanish complaisance, and both Churchill and Eden publicly acknowledged in 1944 the Allies' cause for gratitude.

Hitler clearly foresaw the danger of Spanish "disloyalty." He did his utmost to forestall it. If he was willing to run the risk of attacking Russia it was because he expected to knock out the Russian Army before the year was out and then have plenty of time to turn around and settle accounts with Gibraltar and Spain. That was his fatal delusion and Franco's good fortune.

The fact that Franco refused to fight for Hitler did not mean that he gave up his territorial ambitions. As Franco himself has revealed in his most recent speech of May 18, he took out an insurance policy. In 1941, Franco claims, Churchill promised to put pressure on France "to satisfy the just claims of Spain in North Africa." In return, Churchill asked Franco to promise not to permit the Germans to pass through Spain. Now Franco has the colossal nerve to complain that he was double-crossed. But there were three double-crosses, not one. For reasons of his own, Franco could not permit the Germans to pass through Spain in 1940; he was selling something to Churchill in 1941 which he had already given away. And in order to get a promise out of Churchill, Franco had to betray all his past, present, and future promises to Hitler.

The next major development was the German invasion of Russia. Hitler took Mussolini's advice "to hold the Spanish card in reserve" and Franco reciprocated by contributing the 250th Division, or—from the color of its uniform—the Blue Division, to the Eastern Front. The Blue Division always has been represented as the ultimate proof of Franco's attachment to Nazi Germany. Symbolically it was that. From any military standpoint, however, it was more of a hindrance than a help. That was all Franco was capable of contributing—a symbol. Practically it meant that the Germans had twenty thousand more mouths to feed.

According to Russian intelligence reports submitted to a United Nations subcommittee, the Blue Division came to the front on October 14, 1941, took part in an advance at the end of October, and was thrown back by a Russian counteroffensive in January, 1942. It was never permitted by the Germans to leave defensive positions until 1944, when it was withdrawn. Apparently it took the Germans about a month to take the measure of the Blue Division. Ciano's record of a meeting with Hitler at the end of November, 1941, reads: "The Führer eulogized the Blue Division, but there was more lip service than conviction; it seems the Spaniards are brave but undisciplined and given to grumbling. At present they have been given a rest under the polite heading—defensive position."

Those who now see visions of a million Spanish soldiers at the service of the western powers might recall what Franco said in 1942: "If the Russians opened the road to Berlin it would not only be one Spanish division but a million Spaniards who would volunteer." This is usually quoted to prove Franco's loyalty to Hitler; it would be more pertinent to point out that the speech was as close as they ever got to Berlin.

The significance of the Blue Division was political, not military. It gave the Spaniards the opportunity to develop the theory of the "two wars"—the war against Soviet Russia which was their war, and the war against the western powers which was not. As time went on, and especially after Serrano Suñer was removed from the Foreign Ministry in 1942, Franco's war against Communism as distinct from western democracy began to take on ludicrous proportions. To appreciate the absurdity of this propaganda, it need only be remembered that Franco had vainly tried to get into the war in June, 1940, when Germany's only enemies were the decadent democracies, while Soviet Russia was benevolently neutral toward Nazi Germany and economically even more helpful than Spain. The theory of the two wars told less about the war than about the state of the Spanish oligarchy's conscience.

Gone were the days when Hitler worried about inducing Spain to attack British territory. Now he was worried whether Spain would defend its own territory if attacked by Anglo-American forces. In his very first visit to Serrano Suñer's successor, General Jorda-

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na, in January, 1943, the new German Ambassador, Count Moltke, threatened to cut off Spain from all further shipments of German arms unless given "absolutely precise assurances" that Spain would defend all its territory. A secret Spanish-German protocol to this effect was signed in February. It was a cheap promise for Franco, since by then he had as little intention of fighting for the Allies as against them.

The combination of the Allied landings in North Africa and the German debacle at Stalingrad gave Franco other ideas. Moltke presented his credentials to Franco on January 24, 1943, a date worth marking. This was the first time on record that Franco openly advocated a cessation of hostilities short of victory. He offered to help it along by doing something "to deepen the contradictions between England and the Soviet Union, or between England and America." Jordana went to work on Hoare the following month, as Hoare's memoirs show.

Having lost faith in a German victory, Franco saw on the distant horizon the specter of a Bolshevik victory. Long before the Germans were willing to acknowledge defeat, he worked out the strategy of splitting the coalition against Germany in order to form a new coalition with Germany against Soviet Russia. He conceived the mission of saving Germany from itself, or as Jordana, the least pro-German of Franco's ministers, expressed it to Moltke, "If Germany did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her." Franco changed sides, but rather from anti-British to anti-Russian than from anti-British to anti-German. The wonder is not that Franco should have had these thoughts, but that he should have had them almost as soon as the turn of events made them feasible.

Yet the Germans never forgot what Franco had cost them. General Jodl delivered a lecture in November, 1943, in which he bravely tried to answer the question why victory had so far eluded Germany. His first reason was the victory of the Royal Air Force in the fall of 1940. His second reason was the "natural catastrophe" on the Russian front in the winter of 1941. "Our third objective, that of drawing Spain into the war on our side, and thereby creating the possibility of seizing Gibraltar, was wrecked by the resistance of the Spanish, or better say, the Jesuit Foreign Minister, Serrano Suñer." A strange trio: Churchill, Stalin, Serrano Suñer!

Some pictures on Franco's desk told their own story. When Sir Samuel Hoare visited Franco in 1940, there were autographed photographs of Hitler and Mussolini. When the American Ambassador, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, visited him in 1942, there were photographs of Hitler, the Pope, and Mussolini. When Hoare saw Franco for the last time in 1944, there were photographs of the Pope and President Carmona of Portugal. When Hayes saw him in 1944, there was only the photograph of the Pope.

Those who have no patience with "ideological" considerations and still wish to draw Franco Spain into the Atlantic Pact on "practical" grounds might consider what all this means.

It is obvious that the bonds of gratitude and political compatibility between the Axis powers and the Franco regime were incomparably greater than the Atlantic Pact signatories ever could hope to achieve. If, then, these bonds were not strong enough to make the Franco regime a reliable ally of the Axis, it is not quite clear why the Franco regime should be expected to become a reliable ally of anyone else. That the Franco regime should become a good ally *because* it once was a bad ally of the Axis defies all logic. Only one thing could give any plausibility to such a line of reasoning: if it could be shown that the Franco regime disappointed the Axis for motives that would operate in our favor. Nothing could be farther from reality.

As the German Ambassador Stohrer once advised Berlin, the military circles which exerted the strongest influence on Franco were not opposed to entering the war; they were opposed to tak-

General Jordana

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ing risks. Stohrer described Franco as an "indecisive character" who was "easily influenced." In the end, the officer caste imposed its views, as it had done for a century before the republic.

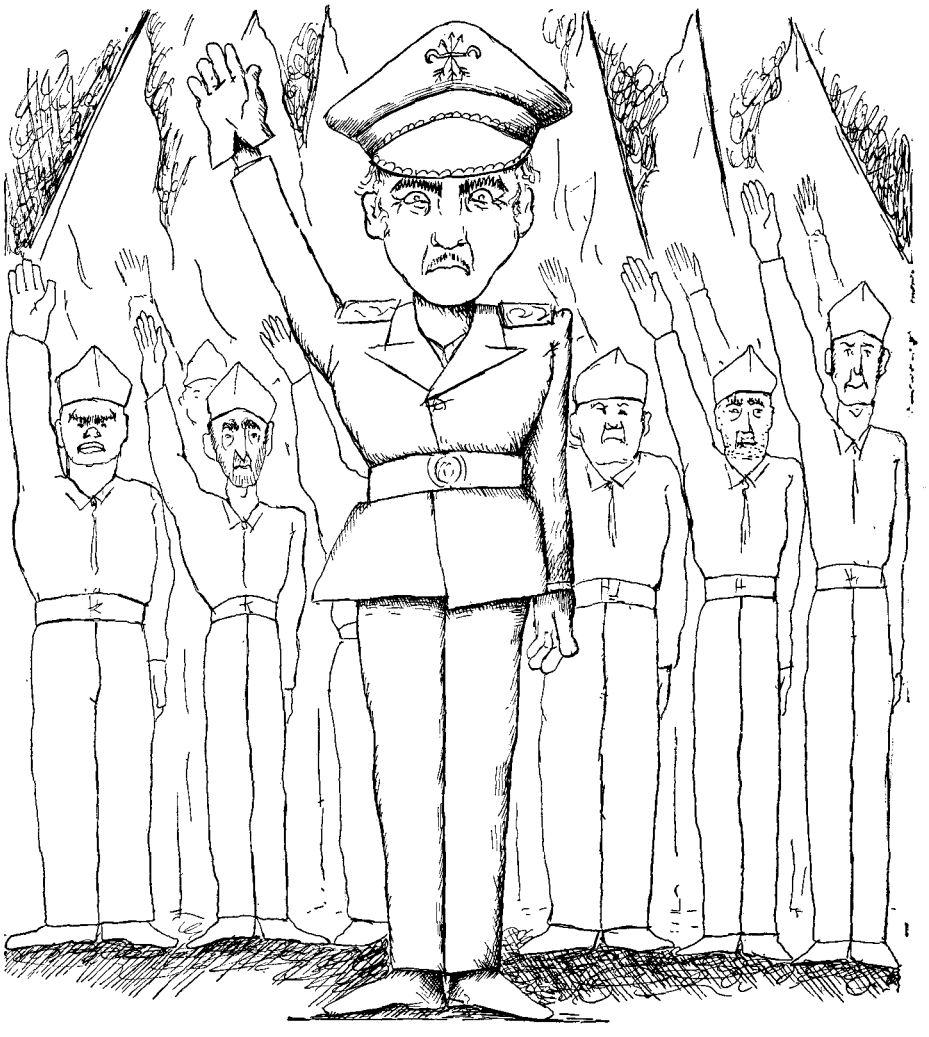
In the Second World War, the Spanish Army was being true to its traditions. It has been a very long time since the Spanish military have regarded the Spanish Army as an instrument of foreign policy. Not that the Spanish generals lacked gratitude to Hitler and Mussolini for keeping them in power; rather that their instinct of self-preservation won out over sentiment and ideology.

A war without risks—that was the ideal. But even such a war had to have its compensations. The amount of fighting for Spain had no relation to the extent of territorial ambitions. These could be satisfied in the first place only by France, a problem that Hitler never solved because he wanted to make France an important satellite. The very thought would play havoc on an even greater scale for us because France is our indispensable ally.

The demoralizing effect of Franco Spain in an Atlantic Pact coalition would work both ways. Attention has been paid almost exclusively to the embarrassment of democratic peoples with a Fascist partner. The other side of the coin should not be neglected. The prospect of the U. S. Army flooding into Spain, as it did into Britain, would be a nightmare to the Franco regime. It needs no overstimulated imagination to foresee the effect on our army and on Spain if Americans came into direct contact with official repression of Protestantism, absence of the most elementary civil liberties, suppression of trade unionism, and lack of any semblance of political liberalism. The Franco regime has no less to fear from American contact on a mass scale than from Soviet contact.

To be sure, there was a certain air of unreality about Franco's expansionist aspirations. Not only did Franco demand that Hitler hand over territory which Spain had done nothing to win; he required that Germany should feed Spain while any military campaign was going on. Bread, or rather the lack of it, was the underlying Spanish reality. Any Spanish ally must be prepared to relieve the Franco regime of the responsibility of feeding its own people and of sustaining the sickest economy in Europe.

All that was a blessing in disguise to Franco in the past. What saved him from Mussolini's supreme folly was Spain's more desperate weakness. If Franco had had a slightly stronger country, he might not have been able to resist the temptation to plunge.



Serrano Suñer

Both Sir Samuel Hoare and Professor Hayes were under the delusion that they were highly instrumental in keeping Spain out of the war by inducing their governments to supply Spain with essential foods and raw materials. This delusion came from an ignorance of the real nature of the German-Spanish falling out in 1940. It had its basis not in what the western envoys gave Franco but what Hitler refused to give him. They thought that Franco would be forced to intervene if he became too weak; the reality was that Franco was too weak to intervene.

Both the British and American ambassadors continued to press for the policy of buying off Franco long after the latter had made up his mind quite independently of them. By the end of 1943, even Hoare had to admit that there was no longer any military reason to conciliate Franco. But this did not stop him from advocating more of the same policy. After he could no longer worry about saving Spain from Hitler and Mussolini, he began to worry about saving it from "anarchy" and "chaos."

It is impossible to by-pass the problem of the Franco regime, although it is not as simple as it has been made to appear. If Franco had been a servile creature of the Axis, he would be no problem today because he would not be where he is. But if he was not more useful to the Axis, he is likely to be even less useful to us, and for the same reasons, only more so.

—THEODORE DRAPER

(This is the second of two articles on Franco's role in the Second World War.)

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Second Thoughts on China

The roots of civil war are in rural discontent, but the Communists, in spite of their claims, do not possess an infallible palliative

The way to arouse the contemptuous laughter of those who want to intervene in the Chinese war is to describe the Chinese Communists as agrarian reformers. If you do, you are called either naive or Marxist. The interventionists insist that the Chinese Communists are pure Marxist-Leninists taking orders from the Kremlin. They support this theory by calling attention to the way in which the speeches and writings of Mao Tze-tung follow the Cominform line and to the aid that the Russians unquestionably gave the Chinese Communists when they permitted them to take over Japanese arms left in Manchuria.

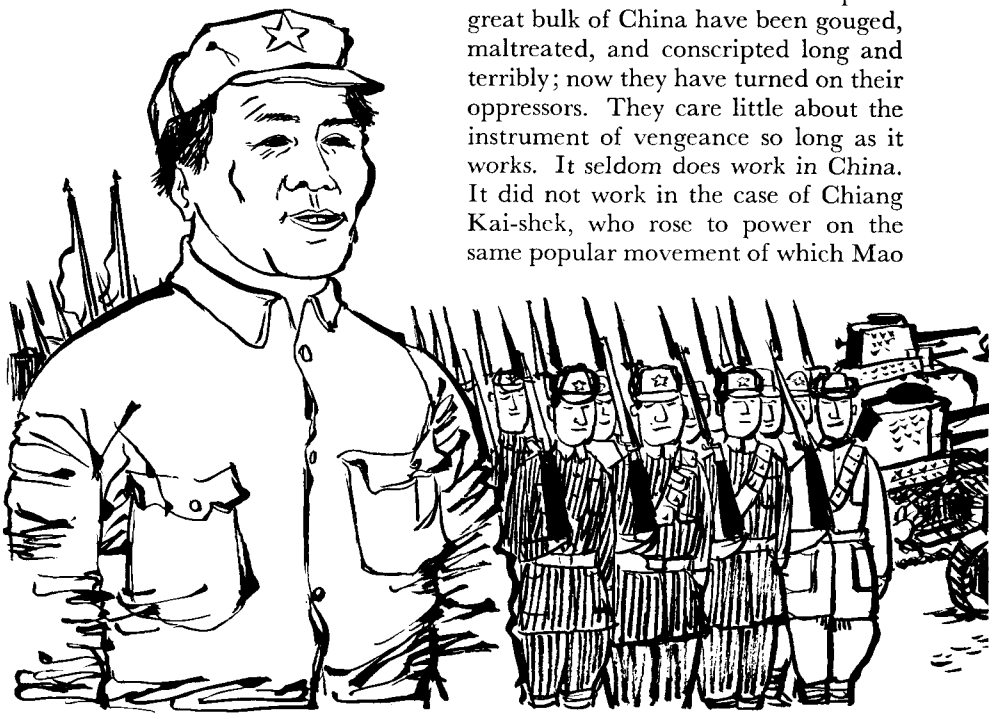
Such evidence is manufactured as well as adduced. Take, for instance, some of the comments about the shooting incident involving British warships moving upriver to Nanking. That the gunners were Chinese, probably trained by "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, was brushed aside. That they were using American 105-mm. and 75-mm. and anti-tank guns, which they had doubtless captured from Chiang Kai-shek, whom they now call their supply sergeant, was ignored. That anybody, even an untrained coolie, could hit a gunboat at three hundred yards was not taken into account. The gunners *must* have been Russian. A fixed idea has seized many Americans, or been planted in their minds, that the convulsion in China is nothing but an expression of Soviet aggression.

If we grant that this is so, intervention becomes respectable. For the Truman Doctrine departed from historic American policy in holding that intervention is justifiable in supporting "free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." Our intervention in Greece is justified in this way. And if Greece, why not China? The interventionists insist that the cases are parallel, and are clamoring for full-scale intervention under the Truman Doctrine.

Actually the interventionists had already won part of their point when the military-aid bill was enacted last year for Chiang Kai-shek's China. But this was a tentative enterprise—undertaken without much study of circumstances and implications. Second thoughts are necessary both because of the completeness of Chiang Kai-shek's collapse and the immensity of any rescue operation. Any assistance now, to be effective, would have to be all-out, and would have to be applied by Americans.

Aside from the practicability or otherwise of such a program, is there any justification for it? Here's the rub in the war of nerves. Suppose it is not proved that the convulsion in China is solely of Soviet origin. I submit it cannot be so proved. Nothing is black or white in China; grays and browns predominate. It is clear, I think, that the Chinese Communists are not simply agrarian reformers. At the same time there is increasing evidence that what is happening in China is grounded in agrarian discontent. The speed and decisiveness of Chiang Kai-shek's downfall is proof of this. The essential thing about the situation in China is that a rice-roots revolt is in progress.

The Communists, to be sure, have canalized the movement, and given it a Communist cast. But the roots are in China, and in rural discontent. The men with the hoes who make up the great bulk of China have been gouged, maltreated, and conscripted long and terribly; now they have turned on their oppressors. They care little about the instrument of vengeance so long as it works. It seldom does work in China. It did not work in the case of Chiang Kai-shek, who rose to power on the same popular movement of which Mao



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Tze-tung is the present spearhead. Nor is there any sign that it will work in the case of Mao Tze-tung.

One of the myths about the Chinese is that they are peace-loving to the point of resignation. On the contrary, they are one of the world's least-resigned people. If a villager feels injured, particularly in his livelihood, he will use any piece of property as a wailing wall, and his woes, if justifiable, will enlist the sympathy of his neighbors.

Equally, a Chinese will rebel against misgovernment and misrule. Sun Yat-sen, under whose banner the Republic was set up in 1911, was always talking about them. When he died he left his successors three principles of conduct, the last of which called for a constant striving to improve the people's livelihood.

The right of revolt is more than an expression of the instinct of self-preservation. It was codified by the sages of ancient China millennia before Jefferson, probably after reading Chinese philosophy, recognized it in his writings. The classic book on China, by T. T. Meadows, is actually entitled *The Chinese and Their Rebellions*—an indication that the right of revolt has been used pretty often in the long and glorious history of China. Unchanging China, indeed!

Now for a century past the Chinese readiness to change their rule has been stifled by foreign intervention. Clearly, the time for change was signaled after the Anglo-Chinese war of 1840. The rottenness of the Manchu dynasty lay exposed. Normally the dynasty would have been doomed. But it gained foreign support, and, though the T'ai P'ing ("Great Peace") Rebellion lasted fourteen years and cost millions of lives, the Manchus survived until 1911. The dynasty had become so moth-eaten that the collapse came with a minimum of fighting.

Since then, foreigners have sought to sustain one regime after another in republican China. They have been as much addicted to the status quo in China as the Chinese have been opposed to it. And they have had the power, for they controlled much of the government's revenues, including the maritime customs. In this way they presented to the world a facade of Chinese stability.

The way that foreigners clung to Chiang Kai-shek is well known, but it was matched by the way they clung to his long-forgotten predecessors. In 1927 Chiang Kai-shek was the contender for supreme power. But all foreigners save the Russians, who had indoctrinated the then-fellow-traveling Chiang in Moscow and trained his troops at the Whampoa Academy in Canton, tried to save the incumbent government. This in spite of the fact that it was so feeble that its writ scarcely extended beyond the city walls of Peiping.

This is one reason why the present convulsion will not be over with quickly. Chiang inherited a collapse, which is hardly propitious for reconstruction and recovery. The myth of the phoenix, after all, is more than a myth. No father of a dynasty and no ruler has ever arisen with an enduring prospect without having been tried and tested in fire and contest. Hence the Chinese leaders of the last hundred years have been spineless and evanescent. Sun Yat-sen was probably the weakest "father" in all history. The reins of office were suddenly thrust into his hands, and the responsibility filled him with fright, so that he passed them on to Yuan Shih-kai in order to go back to the business he was used to, that is, the "masterly inactivity" of conspiracy.

Whether Mao has it in him to turn his dubious inheritance into a going concern is unknown. His reputation rests on an extraordinary ability to wage guerrilla warfare and a capacity for compromise. But these attributes are not sufficient for his herculean task. In addition to contriving a new administrative mechanism, he has yet to pacify a lot of territory. It is quite wrong to suggest that there are but two elements in China struggling for ascendancy: the Nationalists and the Communists. There are half a dozen independent warlords holding big slabs of territory; there is the Mohammedan part of northwest China which Mao will never conquer; there are satrapies in southern China in semi-relation to Chiang Kai-shek; there are the simon-pure Chinese Communists in Manchuria and extramural China who will run their dominions in the interests of imperial Russia. Mao would have his hands full if he tried to seize the whole country.

The indications, however, are that he won't, for Mao's principle of government is diametrically opposed to Chiang's. Chiang Kai-shek has erred from the beginning in his addiction to centralization. Mao has stuck so far to a loose autonomy both in administration and in his armies—a saner approach to government of a subcontinent.

However, what he has to offer the Chinese by way of salvation is not so sane. It is, indeed, the same old story in Chinese no less than in world history. Communism of the Mao variety is not new to China. It was tried as long ago as 1069, three years after the Normans had captured England. The Emperor, Shen Tsung, a charming person, with

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a heart-warming desire to help the people, pondered the age-old issue of how to improve their livelihood. But he had neither statecraft nor economic learning. He simply had an instinct for social service—a do-gooder, he would now be called. Accordingly he called in Wang An-shih, one of the scholars who had been crying out for reform and who had acquired a great following among both the literati and the common people. Given *carte blanche* to do away with the conditions which had reduced the countryside to grinding poverty, Wang tried to make over the nation with a new deal.

To start with, Wang An-shih would have nothing to do with collectivization in spite of his socialist program. He knew China better than that, though he was a theoretician. Wang let the owners stay on their own soil, but gave them price supports, an ever-normal granary, orderly marketing, and seed loans—all to be supported out of confiscatory taxation of the rich.

This farm program of the eleventh century went up in smoke after about five chaotic years. The farmers either ate their commodity loans or failed to repay them; the rich were taxed out of existence; there was an orgy of bureaucratic corruption. The Tartars finished it all off by taking possession of the northern part of China.

Mao wants to go one better than Wang—by redistributing the land. Without a doubt one of the most important sources of Communist strength lies in those who benefit from the land-division program of the Chinese Communists. How much has been divided is unknown. But it must be a great deal. G. F. Winfield, in *China: The Land and the People,* quotes correspondents who have visited the Communist-controlled area as saying that "additional land has been given to ten million families with a total population of approximately fifty million." The "Basic Program of the Chinese Agrarian Law" promulgated in 1947 simply provides for abolition of landlordism, public ownership on a share-and-share-alike principle, and cancellation of agricultural debt. China would thus, under the new dispensation, become even more of a nation of peasant proprietors than it is now.

But what is important to know is the size of the holdings that are being created. For the trouble with this program is that it does not cope with the eternal problem of China, viz: there are too many mouths for too little production. And to divide is distinctly not to solve this problem, but, on the contrary, to exacerbate it. The need, as J. Lossing Buck, professor at the University of Nanking, has shown with a wealth of documentation in his studies of Chinese agriculture, can be satisfied only by increasing the individual farmer's holdings to an economic size.

To be sure, the Chinese farmer is abused and persecuted and plundered. When I first went to China, many farmers were prepaying taxes into the twenty-first century. It was the era of so-called warlord China—the period between the establishment of the republic in 1911 and the triumph of the Kuomintang. The country was divided among a gang of petty satraps who fleeced the countryside. They squeezed the farmer, and, when his tax money was exhausted, took his sons for military service. One saw them being led to local headquarters roped together. If there was any protest, a whole village might be wiped out. In one province, I recall, certain villagers ambushed and killed a company of soldiers engaged in enforcing a tax payment. The local commander took revenge by burning alive about two thousand people, mostly women and children, in their miserable mud-and-wattle huts. Usury, also, was rampant.

The removal of all these grievances, however, would not make much difference in solving the problem, which has nothing fundamentally to do with landlordism, usury, or even oppression. The facts are that not more than one-third of China's farmers are tenants; more than half now own all the land they cultivate. Dr. Buck says he has found many cases in which tenant farmers are better off than owner farmers. The outstanding fact about Chinese farming is the fragmentation of agriculture. This is what keeps China on the ragged edge of penury. The tiny plots prevent the use of anything but the pre-scientific mode of farming, so that China has to import more and more foodstuffs, especially since Manchuria, that fabulous area of fertility, is being diverted as a supplier for Soviet Russia.

This basic problem will catch up with Mao Tze-tung. The facts of Chinese life are that the country is overpopulated in proportion to its productive resources. Thus what China needs is the opposite of what Mao is advocating: an increase of its holdings to an economic size which would permit purchase of fertilizer and machinery. This problem is so acute indeed that a parallel line of attack in the form of the restraint of population is necessary, though in China, a land constantly in search of progeny, that would mean that the mores would have to be completely revolutionized. The present convulsion, in short, has many causes in addition to the Soviet factor to account for it.

—Herbert Elliston

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Anchors Awry, My Boys . . .

Our Navy's postwar record has been blotched with blunders—culminating in the loss of a vessel which hadn't yet been built

Was Secretary of Defense Johnson's order canceling the super-carrier *United States* intended to whittle the Navy down to size or just to return it to those to whom it originally belonged? Now that some of the official fulminations have subsided, the whole matter may not be so unfathomable. The Congressional investigations into Johnson's motives, freely predicted by Navy super-carrier advocates, have never materialized. Johnson had not only Presidential and top brass (except Navy) approval but, apparently, strong Congressional support as well.

When the Navy started building the $189,000,000, sixty-five-thousand-ton craft, it was encroaching on a jealously-guarded Air Force fief: strategic bombing. The *United States's* blueprinted length of 1,090 feet meant that it would be capable of launching bombers big enough to carry the unquestionably-heavy atomic bomb over long distances to enemy centers of industry. That is, by definition, strategic bombing.

To all this the average person is likely to retort: "What are the services squabbling about? I pay good tax money for protection against *foreign* enemies, but all they do is fight among *themselves.*" What they have fought over most has been responsibility, and this—the question of which service is to perform which job, and to what degree—must be determined, assigned, and met. Otherwise there will be duplication, confusion, and, possibly, defeat.

At the Key West and the Newport conferences military responsibilities were assigned among the three services. The Air Force came out, as was expected, with strategic air warfare. The Navy was given important secondary missions. As for its super-carrier, long a bone of contention, the Navy was neither forbidden nor told to build it.

So the Navy went ahead. Plans for the super-carrier were drawn up, and preliminary contracts let. Meanwhile the Navy launched a concerted public-relations campaign to prove that it was highly competent at air warfare. Statistics showing how much carrier planes had accomplished during the Pacific war were exhumed and matched against statistics showing how little Japanese land-based aircraft had accomplished. Artists' sketches of huge bombers, taking off from super flattops, dramatized the part that the Navy might play in future wars.

There was no need to sell the public, or Congress, on carriers as such. Everyone must know that the carrier spearheaded the war in the Pacific, and that the carrier-destroyer task force later coped effectively with the best submarines the Germans sent into the Atlantic. (The latter achievement is important, for the only conceivably hostile fleet that faces us anywhere is Russia's submarine force.)

Admittedly, the carrier is still the weapon the Navy counts on to execute almost all of the duties assigned to it at the Key West and Newport meetings—antisubmarine patrol, air support of joint amphibious operations, reconnaissance, protection of shipping, and sea-based defense against aerial attack.

As far as the super-carrier is concerned, few Navy men opposed its construction, but when Johnson lowered the boom on it not every Navy man was as stunned and downcast as news reports indicated. In fact, something akin to a sigh of relief fluttered down the musty corridors of the old Navy Building. There might even have been, behind closed doors, a few smiles. Those who assume that Johnson's order to abandon the super-carrier was wholly a defeat for the Navy and a victory for the Air Force are drawing but a hasty surface conclusion.

It is true that the Air Force—to say nothing of the Army—sees no immediate need for such a weapon. But it is also true that, in the Navy itself, there have always been healthy doubts about the protection of such a huge craft from enemies above and below, and a gen-

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eral feeling that the money required for it might be better spent. Yet almost every man finally concluded that maybe *one* super-carrier should be built to test its practicability. If some of the Navy's overzealous spokesmen had stuck to this line, and made no reference to strategic matters, fabrication might still be under way.

There is little wonder that the public —and no doubt Congress—was distracted and confused. The Navy had been saying nothing about the large mothball fleet of carriers already on hand—ships adequate to carry out the regular missions assigned the Navy. Because the super-carrier idea was never thoroughly sold by the Navy it disappeared quickly.

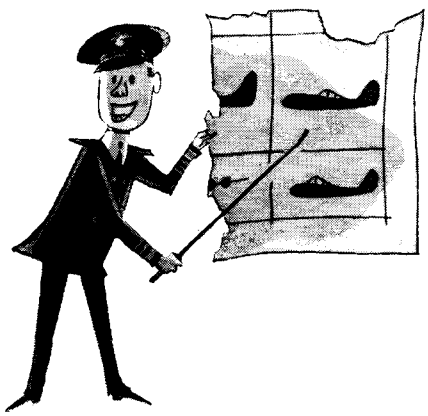
The super-carrier is only one of a series of setbacks the Navy has received since the close of the war. Most Navy men explain them as a run of hard luck, but in almost every instance they represent attempts by the Navy to do one of two things: to expand into fields that are difficult to justify when appropriations come up, or to maintain a status quo that is obviously antiquated.

The Navy did score a temporary victory in the merger battle, retaining the Marine Corps and its naval aviation intact, but the emasculated unification bill that emerged did not give the country the most efficient defense machine at the least cost to the taxpayer.

While the altercation over a new merger bill went on in Washington, the Naval Academy was the scene of several incompleted Navy passes which might have been considered high comedy if they had not engendered so much rancor in Annapolis. First was the Navy's attempted theft of the historic campus of St. John's College, which aroused indignation in the rest of the country as well as in Crabtown. The Navy's excuse was the need for more dormitory space for midshipmen. But, in Bancroft Hall, the academy already had one of the largest dormitories in the world. When Congress asked where, in the diminishing fleet, the extra midshipmen would be used, the project collapsed.

That skirmish was hardly over before the Naval Academy decided that it should have a *land* airport, in addition to its seaplane base. This proposal might have been approved if academy officials had not insisted on a large area near some of the most highly-developed real estate along the bay. Other sites were offered; in fact, the Air Force was willing to let the academy use its splendid, new Andrews Field, but the Navy stubbornly stuck to its location. It even succeeded in obtaining Congressional approval by boosting the project to the very top of its "must" list. But other factors intervened, including doubt as to the wisdom of adding any more mechanical courses to an already-overloaded curriculum. No funds were appropriated for the field.

Another contretemps occurred in 1948, when to celebrate the birthday of naval aviation, the Navy's Public Information Office wrote a press release summarizing the record of naval aviation in the war against Japan. In compliance with a ruling of the Secretary of Defense, it was submitted to the Air Force, which objected to it. The Navy released most of it anyway—a dull, largely statistical document, whose basic facts had previously been released. The matter might have received little attention had not the Buffalo *Evening News* published on May 10, 1948, an article headed THE STORY THE NAVY COULDN'T TELL, written by a former Naval Reserve Officer with the *nom de plume* of Richard Essex. The author implied that the Air Force deprived the Navy of credit for victory in the Pacific war, a victory he implied could have been won virtually unaided by Navy carrier aircraft. He charged that the Navy's brilliant record had been "muzzled" by conspiratorial connivance between the Army and the Air Force. An accompanying editorial termed the matter "shocking," and claimed it held "tremendous implications."



While the Navy looked the other way and disclaimed having had anything to do with the story, *Armed Force Magazine*, in its May 29 issue, sharply criticized the article and "the failure of official Navy sources to repudiate it."

This was not the only example of postwar sniping from the bushes. For several weeks letters-to-the-editor columns were filled by zealous defenders of the Navy cause, most of them using *noms de plume*. The ink was scarcely dry on an Air Force news item before "Diogenes," "Veritas," or "Pro Bono Publico" had whipped out a slide rule and rushed into print with devastating mathematical proof that the B-36, or B-50, or some other Air Force plane, couldn't live up to its advance billing.

This needling, while unconvincing, finally became so annoying that the Office of the Secretary of Defense found it necessary to smoke out one of the letter writers. It was discovered that he was a civilian employee of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. As he was acting as an individual, writing for privately-owned publications, nothing could be done. But there were raised eyebrows throughout the Military Establishment when the Navy at length decided that he couldn't be disciplined.

Apart from its errors in dealing with the outside world, the Navy has managed now and then to bungle its internal affairs. Although it needed specialists badly right after the war, the Bureau of Personnel felt that its first duty was to find a job for every regular seagoing officer whose ship had been scrapped or put into mothballs. Orders went out to jettison the reserves, and to get rid of as many civilians as possible to save money. So regulars were plunked into all kinds of billets. Men

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who had built up careers as combat officers with the fleet were soon making fantastic errors as law, budget, and public-relations officers.

A particularly distressing but not isolated case was that of Captain Ross A. Dierdorff, a regular naval officer with a splendid war record, who was declared a public-relations officer in San Diego. Knowing nothing of the pitfalls of publishing, he happened to tell a reporter that a United States Senator (Kilgore, West Virginia) was a "politician not fit for the admiral to wipe his shoes on." The senator took no action but the Navy speedily transferred Dierdorff to another post, less "sensitive" in nature.

When the super-carrier was scuttled, there was much grim shaking of heads by those who feared the effect it would have on Navy morale. But nothing was said when the Navy, in a blundering effort to economize, cut back the salaries and ranks of nearly five hundred captains in December, 1947, in time for them to celebrate the event at Christmas. The action was probably an all-time record as a morale-breaker, coming as it did in an inflationary period when almost everybody else was getting pay raises.

What do all these false moves mean? What's the answer to the series of mishaps, of which the above are only a few, that have befallen the Navy since V-J Day? Perhaps the Navy cannot, or will not, recognize its limitations.

The postwar period has required many readjustments in the thinking of all of us. For the first time, we have peacetime allies, and, for the first time, a "cold war" with a powerful nation whose principal attacking forces are a big air force and a vast army. We have overseas bases, manned and equipped. The Navy is no longer our traditional first line of defense, although it would be rash to say that it might not again be.

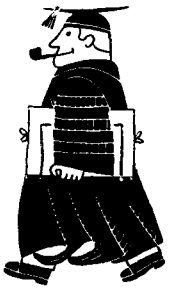
Whatever the Navy may think, it is obvious that the majority of the nation's military strategists today have pegged the basic security of the country on land-based air. It would appear, then, that discretion would dictate a course that would not constantly be giving rise to suspicion.

The loss of the super-carrier could be a blessing in disguise to the Navy. It was a shock, but so is insulin.

—A Navy Correspondent

Two Intrepid Colleges

The Illinois legislative commission's attempts to paint them Red founder in testimony on mice



For the second time in its history, the University of Chicago this spring was accused of "subversive activities." A commission of the Illinois legislature undertook to investigate what it described as Communist indoctrination on the Midway and at Chicago's new Roosevelt College.

The last time Hutchins and his faculty went through this ordeal was 1935. In that year, Charles Walgreen, the drugstore millionaire, got the wind up over the alleged radicalism to which his daughter was exposed as a University of Chicago student. The legislative investigation which ensued resulted in complete exoneration for the university, and Walgreen made amends by giving it half a million dollars.

This time the university's moral victory is equally complete. Though no repentant angel has yet appeared scattering cash, the current rout of the witch hunters may prove more significant in the long run—first, because it tapped sources of opinion not ordinarily accessible to the teacher's side of the case, and second, because it may undo some of the damage done to academic freedom by the faculty dismissals at the University of Washington. Hutchins, on the stand, bluntly answered "no" when chivied as to whether he acknowledged that the Washington case constituted a precedent.

In keeping with the spirit of the times, the Illinois legislature two years ago appointed a commission modeled after the House Un-American Activities Committee. A downstate senator, Paul Broyles, who had made a comfortable competence selling baby pictures, won the right to spend the taxpayers' money as chairman. American Legion influence moved in behind him. At the current session of the General Assembly, the commission proposed a series of "loyalty" bills, including one to require a non-Communist oath for teachers, another making the teaching of "subversive" doctrine a felony and grounds for dismissal.

A storm of protest greeted the Broyles bills. When hearings were opened, a delegation of students from the University of Chicago and Roosevelt College descended on the state capital. The irreverent youngsters riled the legislators. ("They didn't have a clean-cut American look," one representative complained.)

There were some Negro students among them, and the Springfield which gave Abraham Lincoln to the nation is today almost as severely Jim Crow as Washington. When a soda-fountain clerk refused to serve lunch to a mixed group of students, they took possession of his tables, sent out for sandwiches, and consumed them as an unsegregated group. Springfield was

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shocked. In haste and in anger, the legislature concluded that the students' conduct suggested indoctrination "with Communistic and other subversive theories contrary to our free system of representative government." The resolution which stated this finding authorized the Broyles Commission to investigate the two colleges.

Broyles may or may not believe, as rumored, that the Russians have built an honest-to-goodness wrought-iron curtain across Europe, but he is distinctly bemused by the card-index system of loyalty tests. When he opened hearings, his chief inquisitor turned out to be J. B. Matthews, once with the Dies committee, and his chief witness Howard Rushmore, an ex-Communist anti-Communist specialist for Hearst's New York *Journal-American*.

Matthews and Rushmore worked as a team. Their technique was to use Un-American Activities Committee files and other card indexes to show that suspects once belonged to organizations which the U. S. Attorney General, the Un-American Activities Committee, or almost anybody else had declared to be subversive. In this framework, the case against the University of Chicago was fully stated by Matthews' triumphant cry that 60-odd professors (or ex-professors) had been associated with 135 "front" organizations in 465 separate affiliations. Introducing the concept of a loyalty index number, he declared that this gave the Midway a front-affiliation score of "60 times 465."

Hutchins met the issue by repudiating the whole philosophy of guilt-by-association—by challenging the legislature's right to draw any conclusions as to subversive activities from a professor's membership in so-called fronts.

He also subtly invoked in his own behalf the doctrine of innocence by association. Listing the University of Chicago trustees, who include corporation lawyers, bankers, insurance executives, and other solid citizens, he reminded Broyles that legally the trustees *are* the university. He did not say it, but the implication was clear: how could the chairmen of the boards of Chicago's First National Bank and Inland Steel be fostering Communism?

The chancellor might have added that if he himself were a subversive character he could hardly have gathered around him the growing Hutchins priesthood of ex-business men—such as Vice-President James Cunningham (ex-Container Corp.) and Vice-President Lynn Williams, Jr. (ex-Stewart Warner). They stood solidly behind Hutchins at Springfield.

Hutchins knows his Socrates, and he frequently turned the hearings into an inquisition of Matthews instead of himself. "The only student I have ever known well with marked Communist leanings," he testified, "was a student of my own. He was a Dominican Father." When Matthews demanded to know whether Hutchins did not accept President Truman's description of Communists as traitors, the chancellor mildly replied: "You will forgive me for saying there is some question whether we should mold our vocabulary on the President's." And so the dialogue went like this:

Q. Is Dr. Maud Slye on the faculty?

A. You will recall, I think, that she is listed as emeritus. Dr. Slye retired many years ago after confining her attention for a considerable number of years exclusively to mice.

Q. Dr. Maud Slye was an associate professor emeritus?

A. Emeritus means retired.

Q. She is retired on pension?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. And has at least the prestige of the University of Chicago to some degree associated with her name?

A. I don't see how we can deny the fact that she had been all her life a member of the faculty of the university. There isn't any way you can stop being a professor emeritus. Dr. Slye was one of the most distinguished specialists in cancer we have seen in our time.

Q. She was studying cancer when she was studying mice, is that correct?

A. Correct.

Q. Are you acquainted with the fact that Dr. Slye has had frequent affiliations with so-called Communist-front organizations?

A. I have heard that she has had so-called frequent associations with so-called Communist-front organizations.

Q. May I ask if in your educational theory there is not such a thing as indoctrination by example?

A. Of mice? . . .

In more serious vein, Hutchins summed up: "The university does not subscribe to the doctrine of guilt by association. The university does not believe that an individual should be penalized for other acts than his own. The university believes that if a man is to be punished he should be punished for what he does, and not for what he has belonged to or for those with whom he has associated."

The Broyles Commission was left floundering. Instead of filing a report, it merely filed the transcript of testimony. When it applied for new funds to continue the witch hunt, the legislature brusquely turned it down. The Broyles bills themselves, which had started through the Assembly on greased ways, headed for the scrap heap. If by chance they should pass the Assembly, Governor Adlai E. Stevenson has publicly promised to veto them.

As to subversive activities at Chicago colleges, the Broyles Commission proved nothing. As to education, Chancellor Hutchins proved, for the benefit of the University of Washington and others inclined to compromise with the Red hunt, that academic freedom, like other civil liberties, cannot be defended by bartering it away.

—Robert Lasch

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Cagèd Nightingales

'Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays
And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing'

Scene: Limbo

ZHDANOV (*looking round*): Not half bad, this place, Lev Nikolaevich. Peaceful. No smells. Bearable climate. I never imagined Hell would be like this.

TOLSTOY: You are not in Hell, Andrei Alexandrovich, but in Limbo. Though there is one hellish thing about it: every writer and politician here enjoys total recall. I had to assure Plato that we would talk nothing but music, and that I would not recite the whole of *War and Peace* to him again, before he would agree to meet us.

ZHDANOV: You will have to interpret for me, Lev Nikolaevich. Not that I expect you to know Greek, you understand. But I suppose that Plato, like all you aristocrats, speaks French.

TOLSTOY: In this place all men speak the same tongue, whatever the language each may imagine he speaks.

ZHDANOV: *Chort!* Just like a conference with headphones when we call in the Asiatic comrades to Moscow for orders.

(*Enter Plato*)

PLATO: You are discussing music?

TOLSTOY: As I promised, Plato, son of Ariston. My fellow Scythian here was about to explain to me wherein his ideas about music resemble mine.

PLATO (*to Zhdanov*): Has music, then, been a preoccupation of the State you have just left?

ZHDANOV: Always and everywhere, your honor Platon Aristonovich. But always for the wrong reasons. The bourgeois scream that Hitler began it, and that I merely imitated him. Lies, all lies! For instance, Wagner—

TOLSTOY: Pfui!

ZHDANOV: Take Wagner, now. When the British Army organized a cultural concert for their troops in Rome in 1945, they put the *Ride of the Valkyries* on the program and ascribed it to "Anonymous." "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy," you say. What about the Austrians, then? Do you know that they used to forbid the *Rákóczy March* because it stirred the patriotic fervor of the Hungarians? And the French: are they Anglo-Saxons? Yet, two hundred years ago in France you couldn't sing the Swiss song, *Ronz des Vaches*, because the king was afraid that his Swiss soldiers would grow homesick and desert. And what happened in Italy when Verdi wrote *Rigoletto?* The role of the king had to be changed because an anointed king could not be shown to the public as a putrefying libertine. And still the bestial British and American press accuse me, Zhdanov, of tyranny and—

PLATO: Softly, stranger, softly. What you tell me is certainly hard to follow and may even be unimportant. Am I to understand that you were the guardian of music in your republic?

ZHDANOV (*swelling*): Not only of music, your honor. I was an Excellency in Moscow as much as ever you were in Athens. The only man in Russia I could not take by the collar and make dance was Stalin himself.

PLATO: Then of music, among other duties?

ZHDANOV: Of music, too, yes.

PLATO: And why of music?

ZHDANOV: Because music was in the beginning the people's art and was stolen from them by their oppressors. It must be given back to the people.

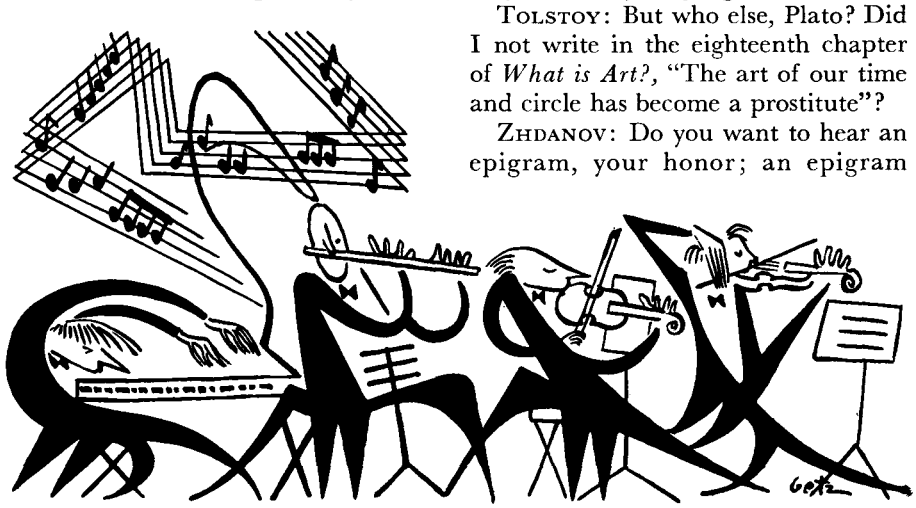
TOLSTOY: But you read that in *What is Art?,* Andrei Alexandrovich! Did I not write in the nineteenth chapter that to compose a touching little song, a lullaby which delights millions, is incomparably more important than to compose a symphony?

ZHDANOV: You did, but I did better. I said: "Music which the people do not understand is of no use to the people."

PLATO: The people? *Hoi polloi?* Is it they who are your judges of music?

TOLSTOY: But who else, Plato? Did I not write in the eighteenth chapter of *What is Art?,* "The art of our time and circle has become a prostitute"?

ZHDANOV: Do you want to hear an epigram, your honor; an epigram



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worthy of a Frenchman, of Thorez? Listen: "Not everything that is understandable is the work of genius; but every true work of genius is understandable."

TOLSTOY: Bravo! But you will remember that I myself wrote—

PLATO: Permit me to repeat my question. Is it the guardians or the people who are your judges of music?

ZHDANOV: The guardians, of course. What we call The Party.

TOLSTOY: Here I must protest, Plato. Your guardians, your élite, your aristocrats, are a fiction. Look at me. I belonged to the élite: a landowner, a nobleman. And yet I wrote in the sixteenth chapter of *What is Art?,* "I belong to the class of people whose taste has been perverted by false training." How can men like me—

ZHDANOV (*to Plato*): Lev Nikolaevich can't get it into his head that we have liquidated his class.

TOLSTOY: But have you set up the people in our place?

ZHDANOV (*soothingly*): Who else, Lev Nikolaevich? Of course. The people are the head of the nation. The Party is merely the neck: it is there to see that the head is always turned in the right direction. No more than that.

PLATO: Tell me, would your guardians, or Party, agree with what I wrote in the *Laws,* that no man should "compose anything which goes beyond what the State holds to be legal and right"?

ZHDANOV: Pearls, your honor! Golden words!

PLATO: And, as I went on: "Nor shall he show his composition to any private persons before they have been shown to the persons who are the legislators of music, because—"

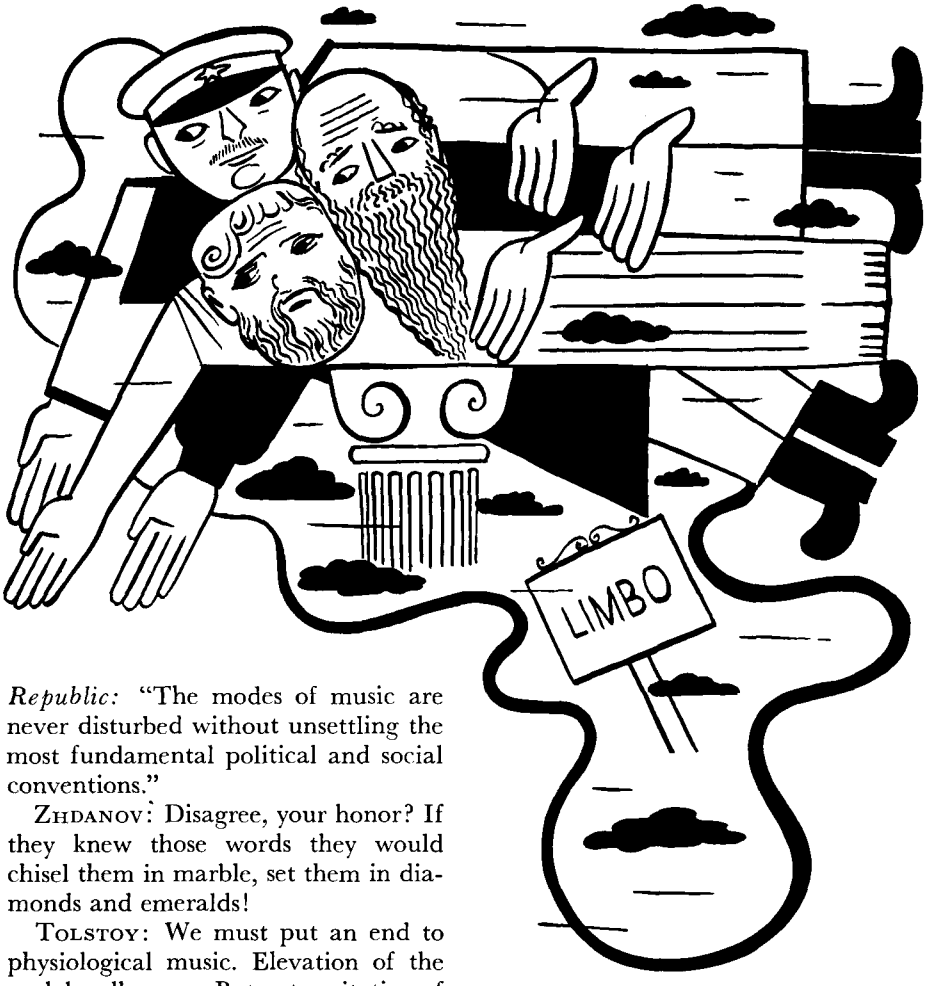
ZHDANOV: Treasure out of the Lena goldfields, Platon Aristonovich!

PLATO: ". . . because every unregulated musical pursuit becomes, when brought under regulation, a thousand times better."

ZHDANOV: Little Father of all wisdom! To think that nobody in the Kremlin has read you!

TOLSTOY: Pozdnuisheff, the murderer who is the hero of my *Kreutzer Sonata,* agrees. "In China," he says, "music is regulated by the government; and this is as it should be."

PLATO (*ignoring Tolstoy*): Then your Party would not disagree, stranger, if they read in the fourth book of the



Republic: "The modes of music are never disturbed without unsettling the most fundamental political and social conventions."

ZHDANOV: Disagree, your honor? If they knew those words they would chisel them in marble, set them in diamonds and emeralds!

TOLSTOY: We must put an end to physiological music. Elevation of the soul, by all means. But not excitation of the senses. No aphrodisiacs.

ZHDANOV: Allow me, Lev Nikolaevich. His honor and I are not interested in aristocratic impotence, but in the salvation of mankind. In my speech to the Soviet musical world in January, 1948, I put it roundly. "The U.S.S.R.," I said, "is now the true guardian of the musical culture of all mankind, just as in all other respects it is the bulwark of human civilization and culture against bourgeois decadence and decay." The U.S.S.R. has a mission; I, Zhdanov, was carrying out that mission.

PLATO: And how did you go about fulfilling your mission?

ZHDANOV: Very simply. I accused the whole Soviet musical world of following corrupt, individualistic, innovationist, anti-democratic tendencies. You haven't seen my handling of Muradeli's garbage, the opera he called *Great Friendship.* Now, *that* was socio-musical criticism. What is this business, I said, of using only a few instruments in unison when the Party gives you an orchestra of a hundred and twenty pieces? What kind of arias are these, I said, which limit expensive singers to half or one-third of an octave when we train them to sing in a range of two whole octaves? Why are folk songs so little used in your works? In this whole opera, I said, there is not one melody or aria that remains in the memory! Formerly, I said, we Soviets had the same horrors in bourgeois painting: futurism, cubism, modernism. Formerly we had bourgeois education in the U.S.S.R.: the Dalton Plan, where the pupils were the leaders and the teachers were the led. That was when we thought that innovation was leftism, and leftism was progress. Now we know better, in painting, in education, in the cinema. Let us learn the same lesson in music, I said. Let us put an end to this radicalism, this leftism!

PLATO: Whereupon, I doubt not, the accused fled into exile?

ZHDANOV: You have never tried to get out of Soviet Russia, your honor.

PLATO: But if they remained, did they obey you?

ZHDANOV: Did they obey me? Is not Russia a people's democracy? Do you

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imagine that we are bourgeois liberals? They came forward in a body and admitted that they had been overpraised, that they had been guilty of putting form higher than content.

PLATO: But form, the Idea—

ZHDANOV: One moment, your honor. Then singly they confessed. First Shostakovich: "I know that the Party is right. I must and I will find paths to the hearts of the Soviet people." Even Prokofieff bowed low before us: "I am now at work on a new opera dedicated to a heroic Soviet pilot. In this opera I shall draw on folk melodies." Khatchaturian beat his breast and made his confession: "I followed a formalistic path alien to the Soviet artist." And that servile atonalist, Muradeli, said: "In my opera I failed to give a truthful picture of the spirit of the times. I would like America to know that I regard the Party decision as merited condemnation by my people of my mistakes and as a summons to depart from the wrong road in art."

PLATO: Your guardians must indeed be philosopher-kings. And did they "depart from the wrong road?"

ZHDANOV: Well, your honor, you know what a leper and his spots are. But I know my business. I collected a half dozen furies and made music critics of them, and the ladies have been scratching out many eyes. Livanova went after Myaskovsky's opera, *Odyssey*. "How many can understand this snobbery?" she asked. That took care of him. Shekhonina reviewed a concert of Shebalin's anemic, unheroic students—and we fired him as head of the Moscow Conservatory. Khokhlovkina lashed the whole lot with the whip of Tchaikovsky's name, showing that he was antiformalist, that every note he wrote was strictly comprehensible program music. And Savka, my little jewel, had a wonderful idea. Music, she wrote, is *partiyna*—that is, has a Party character, follows the Party line—"just as philosophy, literature, and art in general are *partiyna*." That fetched them! Then one of my critics pointed out that Shostakovich actually *liked* the "coarse, carefree Yankee whistling a gay tune" in the first movement of his *Ninth Symphony*. And of course the "passportless vagabonds"—I beg your honor's pardon, that is what we in the people's democracy call Jews—of course they rushed to justify themselves. Your honor ought to read Schneerson's definition of a jitterbug—a classic! And I still want to laugh when I think how Liebman dealt with that simple-minded Marc Blitzstein.

PLATO: But, stranger, what did you gain positively?

ZHDANOV: What we gained positively? Well, *The Fatherland Cantata* by Aratunian.

TOLSTOY: An Armenian.

ZHDANOV: A symphony by Amirov.

TOLSTOY: From Azerbaijan.

ZHDANOV: The *Stalin Cantata* by Wirka.

TOLSTOY: An Estonian.

ZHDANOV: Another *Stalin Cantata* by Tallat-Kelpsha.

TOLSTOY: A Lithuanian.

ZHDANOV: A violin concerto by Dvarionas.

TOLSTOY: Another Lithuanian.

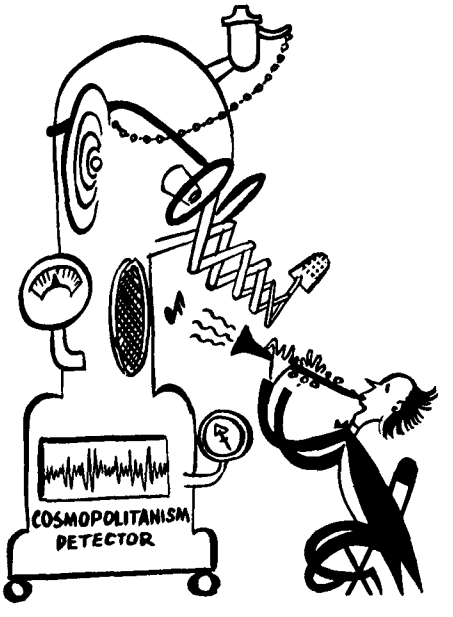
ZHDANOV: A piano concerto by Gasanov.

TOLSTOY: From Daghestan.

ZHDANOV: A *Sinfonietta* by—never mind.

TOLSTOY: By Weinberg. A Jew. By Heaven, Andrei Alexandrovich, you will make me believe there are no Russians left in Russia.

ZHDANOV: Is it my fault if those pigs of Russians are the prisoners of cosmopolitan concepts and lack the sperm to carry on the traditions of Slavonic culture? Look at the critics I had before I recruited those women! Zhitomirsky, who said he enjoyed Shostakovich's *Ninth Symphony* "as much as Disney's *Bambi*." Ogolevets, who admitted a fondness for that monster of Christian superstition and Hollywood capitalism, Stravinsky. Gruber, an anti-patriot reptile who wrote a history of music without mentioning the Caucasus or Central Asia. Belza, an insane serf fawning before the anti-people depravity of the West, who wrote a book on Russian music without complaining of the westernism of a single one of our world-renowned composers. Do you think it is easy to find critics to attack Khatchaturian for using trombones and a pipe organ—instruments which exist only in a few big cities? Do you think, Lev Nikolaevich, that it is easy to cleanse Russia of the filth left by nobles like the Tolstoys and landowners like the Turgenevs?



TOLSTOY: Filth. You are right, Andrei Alexandrovich. Filth is what I bequeathed to Russia. I prostrate myself. I kiss your feet. Oh, my poor peasant!

PLATO: For the first time in my life, stranger, I find my mind in a state of confusion. Our mode of discussion has not been in the least Socratic. Another day, perhaps, when I have not agreed to meet Spinoza and Lucretius, I shall recite to you passages out of my *Laws*; this from the third book in particular: "If in music, and in music only, there had arisen a democracy of free men, such a result would not have been so very alarming. But . . . contempt for law originated in the music, and on its heels came liberty. For, thinking themselves knowing, men became fearless; and audacity begat effrontery." Men began to think for themselves and refused to be subject to their rulers; then came the effort to disregard the laws; and finally came disrespect for oaths and pledges and divinities. For music (as I put it in the fourth book of the *Republic*) insinuates itself by gradual infiltration, proceeding "against the laws and the constitution with wanton license, till finally it overthrows all things public and private." Ponder these words, stranger.

(Exit Plato)

ZHDANOV: Unquestionably a very clever genius, Lev Nikolaevich. I'm sure he would have been interested in a speech I made to our musicians in January, 1948: (*A look of alarm comes into Tolstoy's face as he remembers the curse of total recall, and he sits transfixed as Zhdanov begins.*)

ZHDANOV: "Comrades, first let me make a few remarks—"

—LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

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Books

North of the Border

From *American Me*

In race relations, as in so many other things, California is a United States in little, an epitome of a country settled by immigrants. It shelters (in its way) almost three-quarters of all the Japanese-Americans and about half of the American Chinese and nearly all of the American Filipinos. Since the Negro emigration from the South turned from the North toward the West, its colored population has been tripled, and now totals an estimated 350,000. Its Mexican-American population, variously estimated at from 450,000 to 600,000, is exceeded only by that of Texas.

What happens and has happened and will happen to these million and more immigrants is an indication of how the nation is coming along in the handling of minority problems, for if a trend is likely to show anywhere it will show here.

In the past California has tended to import cheap labor, especially Orientals, when it was needed and to grow furious at it when it threatened the standards or livelihood of white labor. California has reacted thus to all three Oriental peoples, to the immigrants from Mexico during and after the First World War, and even to the white immigrants from Oklahoma in the 1930's. The reaction of the citizens of the state has often been to limit opportunity in jobs, in housing, in education, in land ownership, for the immigrants. This has been accomplished sometimes by law, as in the Alien Land laws, but usually by social and economic inertia that amounts to public conspiracy.

In California's recent population increase, social organization and attitudes have been as severely disrupted by the flood of newcomers as have its schools and its housing capacities. Its communities, whatever they were before, are now often unformed, or half-formed, or in reorganization.

Who knows precisely the fate of the new elements, the Negroes especially, in California's swollen population? Will the large numbers of white Southerners who came with the wartime influx impose their Jim Crowism or will their prejudices be worn away in a freer environment? What future have Chinatown and Little Manila and Little Tokyo and Bronzeville and Shacktown? What are the prospects for the Mexican-Americans, who compose so large a portion of California's essential farm-labor force?

An immigrant state, a polyglot state, California is more fortunate than the South. Its assimilation problem is multiple, not single; it involves so many kinds of people that the imposition of caste and exclusion takes on a faintly ridiculous look. Yet the advocates of exclusion are strong, and the battle is not going to be decided lightly.

One phase of the fight, the record of an immigrant group's experience in America, is told with precision and poignancy in Beatrice Griffith's *American Me* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), a book that in many of its aspects is as relevant to any other minority as it is to the Mexican-Americans it is about.

It is a book with double vision, examining the problems of assimilation both from without and within. Miss Griffith knows, from years of working with it, what the problem of this group is as a social phenomenon, the product of in-migrant pressures and in-group resistance. She knows the shacktowns —Belvedere, Watts, Loma, and Happy Valley, the little *barrios,* the rural slums buried away in the great formless mass of Los Angeles. She has the cold, clear information on discrimination in housing, employment, education, law enforcement. Her expository chapters are specific and well-documented; she is not afraid to call names. The price one group pays for the right to exclude or subordinate another is calculated in figures on crime, disease, delinquency, and hazards to property.

The sections which give *American Me* its peculiar vividness are those which come from within the group—the stories told by girls and boys. These do not disclose what it means to society to have an encysted minority within it; they explore how it feels to be a member of that minority, lost between the abandoned Mexican world and the inhospitable world of America, harried by both, belonging to neither.

A noted white Southern student of race relations once remarked to me with satisfaction that it had taken him twenty-five years to become a Negro. I think he overestimated the distance he had come; with the best will in the world, he was no Negro. But Miss Griffith is very close to being a Mexican-American. She speaks his language, even to the *pachuco* slang; she thinks his thoughts, including the angry and surly ones; and she feels his feelings, bewildered or ardent or sullen or proud. If she seems to have a particular partiality for the *pachucos,* the borderline delinquents and criminals who gave a little plausibility to the lurid tales of zoot-suited gangsters in the 1943 Los Angeles riots, she has it be-

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cause the most rebellious youth are often the ablest and most sensitive. Gang fights, marijuana, petty crime, are more often than not the outlets of bottled-up personalities.

The social and statistical effects of discrimination are easy to come at, but an understanding of the damage to human personality during the difficult and obstructed passage from one culture to another is hard for sociologists to communicate. The Danny and Chacho and Lupe and Tito of Miss Griffith's stories are very unlike one another. A few are *pachucos*, close to the underworld or already in it, but most are ordinary boys and girls, caught and confused and resistant, suffering prejudice and reacting to it. Their most common outward reaction is the formation of neighborhood gangs in which personalities have a chance to flower and in which they can gain identity. The most common result inwardly, in the personalities of the boys and girls, is suspiciousness, pride, impassivity. Even if they could speak for themselves, their code of the shut mouth would prevent them from doing so. And as yet no one has arisen among them to a clear position as leader or as spokesman. They are the second generation of the last big immigration. So far, their ways of eminence are the ways of all big groups: sports and entertainment, especially boxing. They can on occasion fight their way to notice, but so far there have been few intellectuals, few professional men; those who make the grade are likely to leave the group and forget to espouse its causes.

Before the Mexican-Americans can become a vital part of Los Angeles they will have to develop some social organization out of the present slum-choked chaos. The author Carey McWilliams believes that such an organization would improve the minority situation in Los Angeles more than any other single thing. One of the largest ethnic groups, the Mexicans are the most disorganized. They have none of the leadership, the backlog in intelligence and training, that make both the Jewish and the Negro communities of the city powerful and effective.

And if they should get these things, what then? Suppose they do manage to develop leaders who are not "coyotes on horseback," and learn to use ballots and pressures for their own and the city's good. How far are they likely to get? How ineradicable are prejudice and discrimination in California?

There is no doubt that the war improved the lot of every minority on the coast except the Japanese-Americans. The drive for national unity, the "crisis patriotism" of liberal and civic clubs, the enlarged work opportunities, the better pay, the development of public housing, all brought more comfort and security than many of these people had ever known. But the prejudice which was driven underground and the discrimination which was rendered unfashionable in wartime have certainly not been eradicated.

In the San Francisco area, for instance, about 40 per cent of the Negro employables are unemployed, though in the labor force as a whole the percentage is only a third this high. The last-hired-first-fired formula is in operation. Industrial employment is shrinking, and the only real outlet for great numbers of Negro workers may yet be the migrant agricultural labor to which

From *American Me*

all of California's minorities have historically been forced.

Yet the Urban League, beginning to work in the direction of agricultural employment for lack of anything else, finds considerable resistance among Negro workers themselves. After a few years of comparative freedom and the pleasures of city life, they are unwilling to return to what they consider the inferior status of the farm. Eventually they will probably have to; when they do, they will be competing with other minority groups, especially with the Mexicans and Filipinos, and there may be hard feelings. Only if the general level of employment holds up or if the unions take over is there a chance of avoiding this. And agricultural workers, by the very nature and irregularity of their work, are hard to organize.

In housing, too, the possibilities are mixed. The rulings culminating in the Supreme Court decision in the case of Shelley vs. Kraemer have technically removed the protection of the law from restrictive covenants and made such covenants inoperative in deeds. But neighborhood agreements can continue; new subdivisions and developments continue to be restricted. One indignant and prominent Los Angeles real-estate man even campaigned for the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment. It is true that so far no effective legal dodges seem to have been developed to beat the ruling, but pressures are still strong and vigilantism is not unknown. Not many months ago, a Negro homebuilder in Redwood City had his house first threatened and then burned to the ground by neighbors, and angry protests from white people when a Negro or a Chinese or a member of some other "visible" group moves in are common.

Still it must be said that the desperate housing problem will certainly ease rather than tighten. Recently the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity succeeded in getting non-discrimination assurances from the officials of the Urban Redevelopment Program of the city, and this is only one of many indications that public or semipublic housing authorities realize the imperative need to set minority groups free.

There are a good many cooperative housing projects which are deliberately inter-racial. One in Palo Alto has a membership of about one-third Negroes, one-third Japanese-Americans, and one-third Caucasians. Protests from disgruntled or fearful neighbors are being handled as they arise, by discussion and persuasion. There should be no trouble or hitch, and the effect of this and other developments will certainly be to drain off the tentative Jim-town which has begun to form on Ramona Street, to prevent it from becoming a trapped and explosive ghetto. The hope in many California communities is just this: that new racial ghettos can be prevented from forming, and old ones done away with by unsegregated slum-clearance projects.

Improved and freer housing, plus

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continuing and equal employment, would solve most of the major difficulties minority groups encounter. But the proposed FEPC law for California took a two-to-one beating in last year's elections.

There is a final aspect of the race-relations situation in California that cannot be ignored. It is that the liberal and civic groups which, during and immediately after the war, did a really effective job of checking tensions before they became difficult, and which mobilized a formidable body of public opinion against discrimination, may relax or quit.

Crisis patriotism is notoriously short-lived, and every American liberal movement is subject to this same danger of inertia. But there is another danger now. The liberals who in the past have cooperated willingly with Communist or fellow-traveler elements for the good of minority groups are either tired or afraid of fronting, and many are disgusted with Communist exploitation of minority difficulties for political ends. There is some indication that long disgust or the current anti-Red campaigns have induced some liberals to drop out of the work entirely rather than risk collaboration. It would be a disaster if minority groups were left with no advocates except the party-liners.

The wartime experience of the state demonstrated that there was a vast reservoir of good will, big enough when organized to drown out a lot of intolerance and discourage a lot of discriminatory activity. Just to indicate how even the possibilities are, the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity, where liberals have retained the initiative, is an active, growing, and powerful organization. The Los Angeles Civic Council, where the moderates fell away or lost control, has gone out of existence.

All of this is implicit in Miss Griffith's study of Mexican-Americans, because what has happened and what will happen to Mexican-Americans is an index of what has happened and will happen to others of the more than a million Californians who belong to "visible" minorities. If the color line is ever to be erased, California and the West Coast have the best opportunity to start erasing it.

—WALLACE STEGNER

Letters

To The Reporter

Put Up or Shut Up

To the Editor:—Why don't you come out from behind that sickly excuse for a policy and take a stand on the questions of the day which you "report" on in your magazine? How long can you pose as a producer of facts and ideas and shy away from delivering an opinion?

The only thing a neutral ever gains is the enmity of all the other people engaged in the fight of the moment. If there is so much brain power on your staff why not let it get hot about some question and give us the benefit of its thinking and the "facts and ideas" about which you prate?

Otherwise *The Reporter* has no *raison d'être* and might better close the shop doors and quit.

B. ZUCKERMAN
Levittown, New York

Progress

To the Editor:—It seems to me that the batch of complimentary letters you printed in your first Letters column was entirely uncalled for. Actually the initial issue of *The Reporter* was very far from perfect. . . . It is unbelievable that you should have felt the necessity to vindicate yourselves, presumably even before the prosecution took the stand.

W. F. IRELAND
New York

[*The first round of applause for* The Reporter *was perhaps not unlike that accorded the heroine of a new play. Everyone sends bouquets, then retires to criticize. The first is polite, the second healthy.* The Reporter, *we trust, is proceeding to the healthy stage.*]

Digest-Quoters

To the Editor:—I quite agree with your idea of presenting facts and ideas in a new form. It is true that to be well-informed we must look at all sides of a certain subject. We are developing into a nation of glib "digest-quoters," and it is a sure bet that almost any opinion you hear on a Monday was advanced by one of the calamity howlers Sunday night. Our leading publications lead us around merrily by the nose, and very few newspapers honestly try not to editorialize in the news.

However, while it is true that the "article formula" of the slicks can jade one's appetite by the very sameness of its application to different subjects; while the digest can prove anything, and usually does, with sheer weight of cleverly-chosen statistics dramatically arranged; and while some news mazazines sting the reader with a pepper-pot full of facts chosen to prove a thesis and not to stand as facts—in the search for something new we must not lose sight of the fact that people like to be *interested.*

In other words most people will read what looks interesting, and not, alas, what is "good for" them.

So, although your firm and praiseworthy resolve is not to write down to them—this doesn't mean that you can't play up to them. You can still have the neat turn of phrase, the sly humor, the human element, can't you?

Your writers who hide behind anonymity tended to pontificate. Those who signed their names did not. The unsigned articles were not smooth, did not make their points neatly, then move on to the next subject. The only word I can think of for them is "scattered." It is not writing down to your audience to make an article understandable.

And I do wish that you would make some division between editorial opinion and factual reporting, before you go up the garden path of "leading the reader by the nose" just like all the rest of them.

JESSIE V. SLOAN
Brooklyn

Hucksters?

To the Editor:—I cannot refrain from commenting on a statement, in your May 24 number, which reads. "It would be inconceivable for a department concerned with some aspect of domestic policy to undertake a high-pressure publicity drive to make its course acceptable."

Exactly this is being done every day by almost every department and agency of the government—some are worse offenders than others—in efforts to enlist public support for appropriations or for new policies for which they hope to secure Congressional authorization. The Departments of Interior and Agriculture are examples.

Currently we are treated to the spectacle of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, C. Girard Davidson, traveling up and down the country, arranging countless public meetings, and doing everything in his power to discredit the work of the Bureau of Reclamation, one of the agencies in Interior, and to build up public support in the West for a Columbia Valley Authority. Another example might be the work of Mr. Ewing and others in his department who are and have been putting on a high-pressure publicity

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campaign in an effort to sell the people on socialized medicine and a separate department which would make Ewing a Cabinet member.

I find your new magazine quite interesting.

GILBERT LEKANDER
Washington

Shakedown Period

To the Editor:—I want to tell you about my enthusiasm for the article on the Ruhr. In many months of reading the enormous literature on the current German situation, I don't remember anything as factual, compressed, and illuminating as this piece. I also liked Lewis Galantière's "Platonoff's Republic" and the book piece [Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., on John C. Calhoun]. I think the editorials in each issue have been a model of sharpness of analysis and precision of statement. The magazine still needs to find experimentally its best form, but I feel certain it will shake down into something that will be not only valuable but invaluable to all of us.

MAX LERNER
New York

Racy Transatlantic Style

To the Editor:—I found the first issue of *The Reporter* quite interesting. The article on Iowa farmers made me laugh a lot. It is typical not only of what one hears about farmers in Iowa, but of farmers everywhere. They have one thing in common with women—you can't argue with them. I was also impressed as a historian with Arthur Schlesinger's article, particularly as Polk has been so mismanaged and stage-managed by so many people recently, and this puts him in perspective as "the idol of the second best."

Viewed in general, when I had readjusted myself to your rather racy transatlantic style, I think the magazine is excellent value. If you can keep the content at this high level it should do well, but one thought which crossed my mind was that perhaps there was too much in it rather than too little.

By this I mean two things. First of all that the material was presented uniformly and in the same sort of way. There was no indication which articles the editor thought to be the really important ones, and there was no indication when one began to read an article whether it was going to be funny or otherwise (and this I think is important, though it may sound fatuous). Perhaps in time this will iron out as you begin to get your reader used to the order of the various articles, but I do think something in the nature of a "leader section" would be a great advantage. And I mean, secondly, that the articles which I thought most interesting ("Fair Deal" and "The Meaning of De Gaulle") stopped just when my appetite had been whetted. Had those been twice as long and some of the others twice as short, I should have been doubly happy. . . .

PETER MASON
Keighley, Yorkshire
England

The Reporter

220 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Dear Reader:

We knew it of course from the start; we cannot put out our whole magazine from rooms in New York and Washington if we intend to present a picture of the country as a whole. Sometimes we would like to publish from a trailer but that is impracticable because we cannot induce the presses (they are web rotary and very large) to follow us.

Fortunately there are the mails. In this issue we look at the West Coast through the eyes of men who see it daily, worry about it sometimes, hope in it always. If we hurried west in our trailer they would be the people to whom we would put our first questions. As it is, we used the mails to put the questions and that is why there are more signed articles than usual in this issue, more outside contributors.

For the West Coast: Wayne L. Morse is, needless to say, Senator Morse, one of the Far West's most articulate and unfatigued progressives, an advocate of many measures that most of his party stands against. E. T. Grether, who writes about the long-run economic outlook (not an unsanguine one, we're glad to say), is Dean of Business Administration at the University of California. Richard L. Neuberger is a member of the Oregon State Senate. Wallace Stegner, author of *Mormon Country* and *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, writes our book column on *American Me*, a study of Mexican-Americans.

For foreign affairs and other matters: Theodore Draper—whose picture of Franco's activities during the Second World War hardly encourages anyone to want him for an ally in another; Herbert Elliston, editor of the *Washington Post*, recent Pulitzer Prize winner, who has been a correspondent in China; Robert Lasch of the Chicago *Sun-Times;* and our regular contributor, Lewis Galantière.

Note to Reader Contributors

In the next issue, *The Reporter* will carry on this page the question for Reader Contributions and the instructions previously carried on the front flap of last issue's insert.

Response to the question which appeared in Vol. 1, No. 4 was large in volume and high in caliber.

Letters selected will be printed in the next issue, that of July 5, 1949.

The Editors

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Chinatown, San Francisco

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